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OLD WOMAN.

NO. LXXXIX.

WHEN every person, of almost every age and character, offers, prescriptively, *christmas-boxes* and *new year's gifts*, and more especially those who come under the description of guardians, parents, or mentors, it may be expected by most of my readers, that I should have something to say on the present occasion. The friends and the enemies of the *Old Woman*, (for who at all distinguished is without both?) would be much disappointed, were she not to furnish the one sex with a few well-timed, grave reflections; and the other with at least the amusement of *attempting* to turn those reflections to ridicule; so that, in effect, all parties may be suited in their own way. But, independent of all these local considerations, and of all the customary forms attached to times and seasons, every mind is now filled with sentiments of far greater pith and moment, than has for many ages accumulated on its view.

The death of the old, and the birth of the new year, have been attended by circumstances so powerful, so various, so commanding, and so terrific in their nature, that the tomb of the one, and the cradle of the other, if we may be permitted so to speak, must both be enwreathed in the deepest cypress,

without one floweret, either of nature or imagination. Much am I, by habit and feelings, a friend to every harmless festivity that can innocently brighten the glooms of life; and whenever occasion offers, can still play with Time as he flies, try to stop his course, and make him at least help to beguile me of his loss; yet I cannot, at a moment like the present, condescend to disgrace a generous sorrow by frivolous observations; nor do I believe there are many of my readers (I hope none) who would endure such an insult upon their good sense and better feelings, without throwing down my pages in disdain.

No one has a more decided aversion to the character of petticoat politicians than myself: even where the understanding is male, there ought, methinks, to be a softened line of discrimination as to the point where its powers, however great, should stop: and the *delicacy* of the female should be preserved. But, to sit calm and indifferent to the weal or woe of the country, whose produce sustains, whose laws protect, and whose arms defend you, has always appeared to me an error in the national manners of the sex. Nor could I ever see any good reason why, in mixed society, it is thought a compliment, on the one hand, of the men, to exclude political subjects in company of the ladies; and, on the other, an equal mark of courtesy for women to give up the rights of their understanding, leaving important topics exclusively to the men, while they content themselves with more frivolous discussions. At any rate, it ought not to be supposed, that a public event of any kind, which tends to the honor of the land wherein we live, should pass unnoticed by the female eye, or be unappreciated by the female mind.

I am led into these considerations by a subject which has taken such full possession of me, that I am not ashamed to confess, it is so far paramount to all others, as to make me believe I am but doing my duty, when I lay aside a variety of matter intended

for this day's lucubration. How, indeed, should it be otherwise, when that great and exalted bulwark of his country, Admiral Nelson, is, at this very time, receiving the most solemn testimonies of honor and affection; and passing from his watery bier to the beloved shore he has so long and so nobly defended, to receive the last awful duties of the gratitude, affection and religion of the land? It is not an unpleasing consolation to feel assured, that it is scarcely possible I should have a reader whose heart is not employed on the same interesting and commanding topic. It will not render the festivities usual to the closing month of the year, nor those of its successor, less valuable; because it must mix them with something far more touching, by blending subjects of pastime with sentiments of piety.

Happy, Heaven-favored Britain! Art thou at one season threatened by the scourge of famine? behold at another the horn of plenty pours her double tribute. Art thou now taught by some of thy misguided sons, that treason and rebellion shall lift their heads, even in the bowels of thy own land, dost thou not speedily discover the general spirit of loving-kindness rise to disprove the foul aspersion, and throw around thee the girdle of brotherly love, too strong for

"Treasons, stratagems, or spoils?"

And in the penetrating moment now before thee, when the lawless tyrant of the world, maddening with ambition, and rioting in blood, threatens thee with invasion; does not the sacred CORPSE of the hero who has frustrated every base endeavour against thee, come into thy ports, pass thy streets, to repose at last in one of thy churches, consecrated to the good and great; do not all these, "as if an angel spoke," prove trumpet-tongued, that thy peace, honor, and prosperity, are still, as for ages they have been, in the guard of HIM who

"Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm?"

Tremendous has been the tempest, political and civil, that has for a long time past shaken, and still shakes, even to their centre, all the powers of Europe, their thrones, potentates, and dominions; but, amidst all these convulsions, the blessings of PLENTY, SECURITY, and of *comparative* PEACE, are ours. Let, then, the repeated indulgences of Providence avert despair, and teach us at once to hope for, and deserve, the blessed *distinctions* which have been bestowed.

I am so well persuaded, feelings and sentiments like these will, by general conversation, as well as by the medium of the pulpit and the press, be so widely diffused among all ranks and orders of people, during the present festive season of the year, that an unwonted air of sobriety and sensibility, will throw over the accustomed amusements and gaieties of life, a certain decorum, which will extend itself even to the youth of the country. The holidays will be passed by its tender votaries, with less of obstreperous joy, perhaps, but more of gratification; and I am persuaded that the holiday purse, filled by relatives and friends, will, in part, be appropriated rather to the purchase of Nelson's medal, or any other slight memorial of the late important events, than in common toys or trinkets. Nor should I be at all surprised to see the name of many a school-boy, or young student of the other sex, enrolled in the fund of loyalty, to assist the cause of patriotism, and soften the effects of a calamitous war. The splendid shillings of pure benevolence, like the offerings of the poor but generous seamen, shall be accepted as tributes of the heart, and find favor, not in the eyes only of man, but God.

I am committing this paper to the press on the day that announces the arrival of the ship in which is deposited

deposited the body of our great departed hero, immediately succeeding that which was appointed for a general fast and thanksgiving, for the victory which, under God, the illustrious Dead obtained. It is natural to suppose that, on such an occasion, all the language of a full heart would be poured forth: nothing has yet met my observation more powerful or true, than the following remarks with which I shall close my own reflections; to which, indeed, what follows will give a dignity and force.

Frequently since the commencement of the war, our Sovereign, and his people, have humbled themselves with one accord before the *Almighty*, to implore his blessing on the arms they had taken for the defence of their rights, against the enemy of God and man—the violator of every religious, moral obligation. Now the Almighty has vouchsafed to grant us, on the first considerable encounter, a victory unexampled in importance as well as glory. The British people, with their Sovereign at their head, crowd again, with heart-felt gratitude, to pour forth their acknowledgments before those altars where they had formerly deposited these pious supplications, now so benignly fulfilled. It is difficult to suppose which is more acceptable to God; the piety, that when all human means have been provided, looks to Heaven for success, as a blessing upon a righteous cause; or the gratitude, which, after having performed all that human bravery is capable of achieving, gives to Heaven the whole merit of the victory, and thanks God for the success he so bountifully bestowed. But, surely the people that, having themselves put forth every exertion of which human nature is capable, expects success only from the favor of Heaven; and having performed deeds of valor beyond the conception of human powers, ascribe the praise of victory to God alone—surely such a people must be a spectacle formed for the particular delight of God.

ON FASHIONABLE WATERING PLACES.

——— now widow, virgin, wife,
Ingenious to diversify dull life,
In coaches, chaises, caravans, and hoys,
Fly to the coast for daily, nightly joys,
And, all impatient of dry land, agree
With one consent to rush into the Sea.
COWPER.

AN agreeable contributor, Miss Rosa Rhodiola Ramble, (she must pardon me if, through ignorance, I do not give her all the *title* she is *entitled* to,) has lately, through the medium of a correspondence with our respected OLD WOMAN, entertained the fair readers of the Museum, with her remarks on some of those distinguished summer resorts called Watering-places; now grown into so much importance, that dispatches appear in the public journals from these seats of pleasure, with far more regularity, than from the seat of war; and, doubtless, excite a much greater interest: indeed, we may shortly, perhaps, see the unexpected arrival of a Margate hoy, or the postponement of a Master of the Ceremonies' ball, made public in the shape of a Gazette Extraordinary.

The perusal of Miss Ramble's sprightly remarks, which, I doubt not, have afforded considerable entertainment to others as well as to myself, led my attention more particularly to these fashionable retreats; or rather to the characters which the motley groupes assembled at them are composed of; a subject, which one of her observations more immediately points at, and which, after quoting, I shall venture to enlarge a little upon; though not exactly in coincidence with the sentiments of my fair opposer. Let her not, however, suppose that I am going to play off the artillery of learning against her; or that some Oxonian, or Cantab, piqued at having his scientific head-ornament

ment made a butt for the sprightliness of her wit, is going to retaliate; in order to convince her, that what appeared "so ungracious in her eye," savors more of the *cap of knowledge*, than what decorated the noddles of the "charming fellows" she saw at Dover. To either of these designations of science, literary, or military, to grace my cause, I can claim no pretensions. I would, however, fain borrow an example from the practice of our celebrated pugilists, (Miss Ramble's fashionable tour would, doubtless, present her with instances,) who always first shake hands in token of *amity*, as a proof that what they do is only in the way of amusement.

"Surely," observes our fair tourist,* "there is a wide difference between persons of fortune taking their pleasure, in order to get rid of their time and money, and people who are neglecting their business, and at the same time squandering away the money which ought to pay their creditors!" To so just a remark it might, indeed, at first sight, appear a little unreasonable to object; but, from the fair Rosa's manner of treating the subject, it becomes pretty evident, that by *People of Fortune*, are meant those who have no other occupation than pleasurable pursuits: and her feelings appear to have been considerably shocked, to find that any one, not duly authenticated as a professed votary of the Goddess of Pleasure, should presume to pay their devoirs at any of these, her sea-washed altars. These, it should seem, ought to be solely appropriated to the accommodation of a class, which, in modern language, is known by the appellation of the *haut-ton;* a term which, to some rustic readers, may well seem to demand an explanation; and which I take to mean a kind of distinguished breed, who either are, or fancy they are, born with a license to commit every species of extravagance and caprice, not only with impunity, but approbation: just as the prancings and kickings of a blood horse excite universal admiration, though they

* Vide Vol. XV. p. 292.

they would meet a severe chastisement in the poor animal which drudges between the shafts of a dray. Notwithstanding, however, this violence done to our fair Fashionable's feelings, it will be pretty generally allowed, that all who are sufficiently favored with the gifts of fortune, whether they are derived from hereditary greatness, or the result of a life spent amidst the drudgery of Thames Street, may dispose of them in whatever way their taste dictates.

The sentence in question appears, and is doubtless prompted by a laudable indignation, that trades-people should so far be allowed to indulge in a taste for pleasure, as to gratify it at the expense of others. "If it were so, it were a grievous fault!" But is it a fault which the fashionable world, distinguished as they are from the common herd, can lay their hands to their hearts, and avow themselves quite exempt from? Rather, perhaps, I may be borne out in a supposition, that this is a failing of so genteel a cast, that it has, in many instances, received the sanction of a number of *Right Honorables;* who were prompted to it, perhaps, either from motives of convenience, or from entertaining an opinion, that the distinction conferred on a Plebeian, by having so splendid a title in his books, was an ample remuneration for those trifles called *necessaries,* with which he had supplied them. In such an opinion I am in no danger of being thought singular. Fielding considers this as a propensity far from being of a vulgar kind, since, when enumerating instances of what might excite a degree of "special wonder," he quotes the astonishment a tradesman would feel, if a man of pleasure should pay him his demand at the time he asked for it: and we find another ingenious author making this remark, "How many names of great noblemen are transmitted to posterity only in their creditors' books!"

Very different, I am persuaded, is the general practice of the mercantile world in this respect. A trades-

man

man is accustomed to consider that, on the punctuality of his payments, his credit, his reputation, and his future prosperity, depend; and, however sacred the obligation which compels a man of pleasure to discharge the thousands he has lost by a horse-race, or a throw of the dice, to the neglect of all other claims, the merchant has no less his "Debts of honor, which must be paid."

This, however, is only adopting the general supposition, that the Nobleman and Tradesman thus found united in the pursuit of Pleasure, appear with equal pretensions at these her favorite haunts. But if we begin more attentively to consider which appears there with the greatest regard to the respective rank he holds, it may, perhaps, be found that the former, dazzling as he may appear, is only as a brilliant star wandered out of its radiant course: the latter, though emerged from comparative obscurity, is shining *pro tempore* in its proper sphere.

The citizen, after spending the greater part of the year in an unremitting attention to his mercantile concerns, and being harrassed by those anxieties and disappointments inseparable from them, requires at length, some relaxation from his unwearied pursuit; and nothing can, perhaps, be better adapted for this purpose, than an excursion to the coast. The lightness and variety of the scenes, and prevailing amusements, form an agreeable contrast to the sameness he has been accustomed to; and the sea breezes are doubly refreshing after the confinement of a city life. In addition to this, the objects with which the coast abounds, are calculated to excite a double interest on his feelings. On the inconstant ocean, his fortunes, in a great measure, depend; and the vessels which sweep its bosom, contain those treasures, on the success of which rest either his prosperity or ruin. Shakespeare imagines, that a merchant could not behold any object bearing the least analogy to the risques he has abroad, without having them uppermost in his thoughts;

thoughts; nay, that he could not even behold an edifice of stone,

> And not bethink him straight of dangerous rocks,
> Which, touching but his gentle vessel's side,
> Would scatter all his spices on the stream,
> Enrobe the roaring waters with his silks,
> And, in a word, but even now worth this,
> And now worth nothing.

The pursuits of a man of rank and title, during his residence in town, have been widely different from those a little before adverted to. The tradesman issues from toil and confinement, to partake of relaxation and amusement. The nobleman has already spent the gloomy reign of winter in the very vortex of gaiety; amidst all the amusements and splendor, which Art can invent to satisfy the cravings of Pleasure. The court, the opera, plays, routes, balls, all have exhausted their delights, till the brilliant variety, by frequent repetition, becomes little better than a round of dullness. At length the beauties of the Summer season, which call the merchant from his desk, invite him likewise to taste the sweets of the country. But where can he direct his course with such dignity, or propriety, as to the stately residence of his ancestors? Where view the beauties of Nature, with such interest as in the out-stretched prospects of his paternal domain? It is there, and, perhaps, only there, that his exalted rank becomes truly apparent. Instead of being lost, and undistinguished, among surrounding crowds, his presence would every where inspire pleasure and delight. The whole country around, would seem to have derived new interest; and his arrival would be welcomed with every token of joy and respect by his numerous tenantry and dependants, from whose industry and toil, he is enabled to live in elegance and affluence. These, alas! in these days of refinement, are too often left to the unlimited power of an unfeeling Steward,

rd, whose private interest arises from their oppression. To them, and their concerns, their noble landord is alike strange and indifferent; his life being pent in the gaieties of the metropolis, at hotels and watering-places; or should the state of Europe admit, in wandering over the climes of France and Italy; till at length, the solemn tolling of the bell in the village spire, announces to them his entrance into the estates of his forefathers, in order to have his remains deposited in the family vault.

If, in the course of his variegated life, he does honor, with a transient visit, the scene where the hospitality and beneficence of his ancestors once shone so conspicuously, it is generally the result of necessity rather than choice. After too free an expenditure, it is, perhaps, become advisable to recruit, in order that he may, with renewed vigor of finances and constitution, launch again into the pleasures which Town or Newmarket afford him; from the contemplation of which, his greatest pleasure, during the wearisome period of his seclusion, is derived:—

> There hid in loath'd obscurity, remov'd
> From pleasures, left, but never more belov'd,
> He just endures, and, with a sickly spleen,
> Sighs o'er the beauties of the charming scene.
> Nature, indeed, looks prettily in rhyme;
> Streams tinkle sweetly in poetic chime;
> The warblings of the blackbird, clear and strong,
> Are musical enough in Thomson's song;
> And Cobham's groves, and Windsor's green retreats,
> When Pope describes them, have a thousand sweets.
> *He likes the country*—but, in truth, must own,
> Most likes it, when he studies it in town.

But, to a mind of real taste and sensibility, would not the lovely face of Nature, breathing forth ten thousand sweets, contain some few attractions, in that delightful season, when all its beauties are called forth? It would be natural to suppose, that the mind, wearied with a succession of frivolous amusements,

would

would fly with rapture, for a time, to the sweets o rural retirement; that the eye, tired with the splen dor of illuminated rooms and chalked floors, would delight to contemplate the canopy of Heaven, or re pose on the verdant carpet of Nature. To those "alive to each soft impulse," it might, too, afford a pleasing sensation, to consider that, in these tran quil pleasures, they were promoting the happiness o others; diffusing joy around them, even to the hum blest cottages their splendid mansion overlooked whose poor inhabitants might be cheered by the su perfluities thrown from the tables of their pampered domestics!

——— Take physic, Pomp!
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
So may'st thou shake the superflux to them,
And show the Heavens more just.

To dwell on the beauties and advantages of a coun try residence, has been a favorite topic, which has employed many an able pen; it would, therefore, be superfluous to attempt to enumerate them. The poets, we know, in all descriptions of human happiness, lay the scene of it in the country; and our first parents, when in a state of innocence and felicity, dwelt among groves and bowers. I will, therefore, for the pre sent, take leave of my fair readers, with observing that, though it may be a fashionable notion, and o course a prevailing one, that all beside novelty and dissipation, must be solitude and dullness, yet it is a sure proof of a well-informed mind, containing re sources in itself, when found possessing a taste for the simple beauties of a country retreat; which, though represented by some as little better than the life of a hermit, is replete with the enjoyments of domes tic happiness, which, even in the most secluded scene, may be heightened by the charms of innocent gaiety and social intercourse.

December, 1805. HENRICUS.

DANGER OF COQUETRY.

A TALE.

MISS Bentham, an only daughter, had the additional misfortune to lose her parents, when they had lived long enough to confirm her in the vain opinion she entertained of her own accomplishments; a misfortune, as just hinted, too often entailed on girls who have neither brother nor sister to share or divide their parents' affection. Possessing a decent independency, and no one to controul her, she entered the world with a large stock of vivacity, and a considerable degree of smartness in her conversation, sufficient to render her an agreeable companion; which, by a mistake too common, she preferred, as more suited to make her conspicuous in gay circles, than the solid, valuable qualities which adorn domestic life, and constitute the happiness of *one* worthy man. Scenes of courtship, however pleasant to the parties concerned, are a very threadbare subject, and very dull, unless combined with circumstances altogether out of the common road, of which, as there were none in the present instance, we must be content to relate, that Eliza Bentham was addressed in the way of marriage by an amiable young gentleman of the name of Jameson, whom she had art enough to impose upon, and to make him believe, that his passion was returned with equal ardour, though her views were entirely mercenary; and she consented to marry him, because the advantage, as it is called, lay on her side, his fortune being superior to hers, and because nothing better appeared to present itself.

Jameson departed to the family mansion, in the country, to superintend the improvements making for the reception of his intended bride; full of those pleasurable ideas the honorable lover connects with every action, word, and thought, and which true

lovers only know; with the sweet satisfaction, that all he did, in the way of ornament, or conveniency, was for her comfort or pleasure; and by correspondence, he endeavoured to cheat the loitering time.

Eliza, in the mean time, was acting in a way that shewed she was altogether unworthy of the place she possessed in her lover's heart; and, as if she considered that the time was short, she discovered more than her usual eagerness for conquests; forgetting how little her situation, in reality, differed from that of a wife.

During the interval between Jameson's departure to his seat in the country and his return, she happened one night, at the play, to attract the attention of a gay, titled rake, distinguished for his profligacy and abandoned conduct towards women: this was not altogether unknown to Eliza; but, by a species of false reasoning, common to all females of her cast, she concluded herself of an higher order than that any man should dare to think of her in a dishonorable way, and moreover possessed of charms sufficient to fix the most wandering heart. The encouragement his Lordship met with, was, therefore, as great as one evening, and so public a situation, would well afford; and, by one of those lucky conjunctures which are never wanting to forward the designs of men of gallantry, namely, the incapacity of the coachman through inebriation, he had an opportunity of offering his carriage to convey her, and the female friend by whom she was accompanied, home; and of seeing them thither himself, and of calling to inquire after them the next morning; all which was equally subservient to the designs Miss Bentham and his Lordship had on each other; though those designs were vastly different.

The lady by whom Eliza was accompanied to the play, as just mentioned, was a woman of worth, strict propriety of manners, and fully acquainted with all matters relating to her intended union with Jameson;

or, more properly, the union she once intended. A very grave conversation, or rather remonstrance, closed the evening between them, in which Mrs. Granger (for that was the lady's name) began as follows. "I hope, my dear Miss Bentham, you will forgive the liberty I find myself under the necessity of using with you; but, acquainted, as I have been made, with every thing which has taken place between you and Mr. Jameson, and convinced, as I am, both of the tenderness and faithfulness of the affection he bears you, how could I ever hold up my head before him again, or discharge the obligations of friendship towards you, if I was to neglect pointing out to you, how very inconsistent I think your encouragement of his Lordship is, with the situation in which you stand as the *affianced* wife of Mr. Jameson?" At the word wife, Eliza started. "This is strong language, my dear; but the occasion justifies it. I am almost equally alarmed with the thoughts of your admitting the addresses of my Lord, or fulfilling your engagements already made. In the former case, certain misery awaits *you* with such a profligate, even if his designs were honorable: in the other, I am seriously impressed with apprehensions of disappointment to the worthy Jameson, in the golden dreams of connubial happiness I know his fond fancy indulges. I am not, I hope, ungrateful for the civilities we have received from his Lordship that evening, especially for the share I have had of them, and the more so, could I believe them quite disinterested; but, having considerable doubts on that head, I should be very sorry to see him here again on any pretext whatsoever." Eliza made no other reply to this harangue, than muttering something that was hardly understood by Mrs. Granger: such as, "she did not think a little harmless gallantry, on the part of his Lordship, could have been taken in so strong a light; that if she herself had the same opinion of Jameson that Mrs. Granger seemed to have,

she should esteem it a happy thing to have discovered it before the irrevocable die was cast; for what had she not to fear from the tyranny of a husband, who, while only a lover, could be offended with any thing which had taken place that night; or in his Lordship paying the usual compliment, by calling upon them in the morning?" With more to the same purpose, which, as her friend did not clearly comprehend, she thought it needless to reply to. The manner of it, however, did not diminish her apprehensions for the happiness of poor Jameson.

He hastened back with the utmost impatience, having put every thing in the best possible state to receive his future bride. With a fluttering heart, he called upon his lawyer, fearing to find something unfinished, which might delay his happiness: but all had succeeded to his wish, and the writings were completely ready. He was proceeding, with a heart overflowing with love, and elate with joy, to pour his vows of constancy and unalterable affection into the bosom of his mistress, when he accidentally met a friend in the street, whose importunity to engage him to call at his lodgings was such, that it was impossible to resist, without assigning the true cause; on which he knew his friend would rally him in a way that the ardour, and even delicacy, of his love, could but badly support.

After the first civilities were past, and each had taken a seat, his friend accosted him with "Have you seen Miss Bentham since your arrival in town?" "No," was the reply; "I was hastening to her when I encountered you." "I know not what to wish in such a case," replied his friend: "I could almost have wished you had seen her first: perhaps something in her behaviour might have turned up to disgust you, and have prepared the way for your reception of the unwelcome, the bitter information that must, like a frost, a killing frost, nip the delicious blossom of your love in its full blowing." The suspended faculties

culties of poor Jameson not leaving him the power of reply, his friend, who truly sympathised with his sufferings, had opportunity to proceed as follows: "Let me beseech you, my worthy, much-injured friend, to call your manly fortitude to your aid; and indignation shall prove a shield to your heart, softened by love, and soft imaginary delights. Eliza is unworthy of you: and though I well know how discordant the ungrateful sound is to your ear, how dissonant the voice of your friend, constrained to utter that sentence, yet I must repeat, Miss Bentham is unworthy of you; and I hope soon to see you calm enough to attend to the evidence I have to lay before you." During this speech, a variety of emotions succeeded each other in quick succession in the breast of Jameson. Surprise, fear, grief, anger, then love, re-assurance that she was calumniated; and all this conflict, this hurricane of passions, terminated, as with a true lover they always will, with expressions of indignation and defiance towards the friend whose tongue had dared to blaspheme the idol he had long been accustomed to worship.

In the present instance, however, Jameson had happily to do with one who was too good a judge of human nature, and was penetrated with too much pity for him, to take offence at the ravings of disappointed love.

Becoming sufficiently calm, his friend proceeded to lay before him the evidence he had obtained of a diabolical plot laid by his Lordship to impose upon her by a false marriage; a trick which, however stale, her inexperience, and eagerness to be made a Lady, as she thought, was in a fair train to be fully carried into effect by his Lordship and his agents, skilful in conducting affairs of this nature. The time, the place, and the manner, were all arranged; and she had consented to meet his Lordship at the house of a female *relation* of his, to celebrate their nuptials privately; a measure as necessary for her, consider-

ing the predicament in which she stood with respect to Jameson, as she was made to believe it was with regard to his Lordship. Jameson's friend had obtained a knowledge of all these circumstances from one of the circle of profligates who gave and received mutual assistance to and from his Lordship and one another; and being altogether ignorant of Eliza's engagements with Jameson, had communicated any information the friend required without scruple.

The heart of the feeling reader will not need our assistance to depict the state of Jameson's at this period: painful is the conflict to be called to resign a long-contemplated rational scheme of future happiness; a scheme in which happiness was wrapt up, and from which it could not be separated—to cease to think well of an object with which the heart has long been accustomed to combine every excellence, and contemplate the dear treasure as its own—to bear the idea of scorn and contempt towards our own person, implied in the preference given to another; "the pangs of despised love;" all these are not accomplished in a moment. Amidst the present tumult of his thoughts, Jameson did not forget, however unworthily she had treated him, to make an effort to save her before it was too late; and, after a consultation with his friend, they determined to proceed together to Miss Bentham's lodgings. But the account of the interview, between the two lovers and their two friends, must be reserved till our next Number.

(To be concluded in the next.)

STORY

STORY OF MR. B—— AND HIS DOG.

SOME little time since died, at Knightsbridge, B——, Esq. at the advanced age of 72, at which place he resided for upwards of twenty years previous to his death. Mr. B. was a very singular character, and, from his eccentricities, was generally thought to be a little deranged. In such opinion, however, the writer of this article can by no means concur, unless strong passions, an irritable disposition, a lively imagination, great classical learning, and an extensive reading and observation, be considered as the constituent parts of a madman. He was principally remarkable for an inordinate love of the canine species; but even this was not without some reason, as it appears he was saved from assassination, in his travels through France and Italy, by a dog. He was never, till lately, without four or five very large ones of the setter kind, all lineally descended from the very dog that saved his life. Lately, the old stock was reduced to one; and the others, in part, supplied by a small terrier, and an enormous dog, of the Albany breed. They were fed and lodged in, I may say, a sumptuous style; beef-steaks, buttered rolls, gingerbread, and pastry, were no uncommon diet for them; and, as to lodging, one or two slept in the room with himself; the others were provided with mattresses in other apartments of his house. He kept two lads to wait on them; and, at stated hours, however bad the weather, and in spite of every other consideration, he, himself, took them out for air and exercise: the last of those hours was between one and two in the morning, which necessarily kept him up almost all night. In addition to the dogs he kept, he had, as he termed them, a great many pensioners, that regularly came, some from a great distance, to be fed daily at his door; and, frequently, when he met a half-starved dog in his walks, he would take him to a confectioner's, and treat him with a shilling's-worth of tarts, or (if a hawker of dog's

dog's meat chanced to be near) to a more substantial meal of horse-flesh. When any one of his dogs died, it was placed in a kind of coffin; laid in state, for a day or two, with wax candles burning around, and Mr. B. sitting in a disconsolate mood beside it; after which, it was interred with great solemnity; on which occasion Mr. B. generally wrote an Elegy, descriptive of the beauty and qualities of his departed friend, the dog; one of which, as a specimen, is subjoined. By his last will, it appears, he has bequeathed 25l. a year to each of the dogs that were living at the time of his decease. His whole family consisted of his canine friends, the two boys already mentioned, and an old woman. He had an utter aversion to physic; would, consequently, admit of no assistance from the sons of medicine; nor suffer any person to approach him in his last moments. Notwithstanding his whole affection seemed to be settled on his dogs, and there appears an evident spirit of misanthropy in the following Elegy, yet he was not devoid of feeling for the human kind, and many an indigent and unfortunate object will have to deplore his death.

THE ELEGY.

SHALL biped brutes and monsters shine in verse,
And merit lack the tomb-stone and the hearse?
Sublimest quadruped, my friend, my *Bluff*,
Language were poor, nor painting rich enough
Thy glowing tints, thy instinct to display;
Nature seem'd Art, while Art confess'd her sway!
Stately his form, and beauteous was his face,
A full-eyed setter of the finest race;
His pendant trowsers, and his feather'd tail,
Appear'd to waft him as with silken sail.
These seem'd to lighten and increase his pace,
Gave wings to speed, and gave to motion grace:
His striking figure fix'd each curious eye,
Th' admiring sportsmen prais'd him to the sky;
Commanding beauty sav'd him from the stroke
Of savages, who torture out of joke;
The fierce assailants of the bull and bear,
Nor chang'd his course, nor gave him cause of fear!
His nerves appear'd so admirably strung,
With all the world to be in unison.

A wire-

A wire-hair'd terrier, with an eye of fire,
Sharp and resentful, quickly prone to ire,
Attach'd to one, hostile to all beside,
With *Bluff* liv'd quiet, sleeping side by side.
One day, the meal was here, the female there;
Crab would have each, and watch'd them both with care:
Bluff yields the trencher, but lays claim to *Blithe;*
Like anger'd cat, *Crab* doth his body writhe:
Bluff sternly fix'd him with his fine large eyes,
Swearing with look oblique—*Crab*, *Bluff* defies!
His teeth in *Bluff*'s long ear a passage found;
Bluff lifts his paw, and pins him to the ground;
He then displays an arsenal of teeth,
Which, generously, he still forbears to sheath
In *Crab*'s most pervious, though undaunted heart.
Alarm'd, I fly the combatants to part.
The well-known voice of master and of friend,
Suspends their rage—the combat's at an end.
Crab's shagged bristly neck I quick caress;
Bluff's richly gilt and silver'd coat I press:
The terrier silent couches at my feet;
While *Bluff*, loquacious, tries my lips to meet.
Haughty, though mild—if accents of reproof
Through anxious fondness made him stand aloof,
Conscious he meant not ever to offend;
His piercing eyes he fasten'd on his friend,
But fawn'd not—stirr'd not, till th' extended arm,
Sure sign of peace, produc'd the wanted charm.
Upbraidings and revenge did ne'er take place,
But joy diffus'd itself through all his face:
In various tones he then would tell his tale;
This done, he lick'd my hand, and wagg'd his tail.
Some whims he had, congenial to all;
Or gravity, or wisdom, shall I call
His pensive mien? it savour'd of them both,
By frolic soften'd, as one call'd it forth.
To birds of prey longevity is giv'n,
And more rapacious man, who talks of Heav'n:
"Whatever is is right," the murd'rer cries,
Then steals your purse, and blows out both your eyes:
On this wise plan the dog's fine frame we rate,
At twelve years life, then wreck'd by ruthless fate.
Bluff told scarce sev'n, when Death's tremendous dart,
Struck on each nerve, and anchor'd in the heart:
His master's hand with that of Death's was mix'd,
His dying eyes were on his master's fix'd.
The hour of anguish, soften'd by my care,
"Yields some, though small, relief, his loss to bear."
"Hail to thy shade, my dear, my faithful dog!"

EMIGRATION.

OBSERVATIONS AND CAUTIONS RESPECTING EMIGRATION TO AMERICA.

NEXT to the staple article of food, Indian corn, we may rank rice. That of the Carolinas is excellent, but its cultivation is dreadfully pernicious, as it is either planted in ridges, between the interstices of which water must be let in, and the cultivator must constantly wade through these little canals, half way up his leg in water, and the rest of his body exposed to the rays of the sun; or in swamps, where he is subject to the same inconveniencies. Negroes alone do this office; and, indeed, it is the only employment whatever, which a white man may not do in any part of the United States. Whether this single article be worth the burthen of so infamous a traffic as the slave-trade, will, I believe, admit of but one answer—No. The other articles, which are chiefly those of export, are tobacco, a very precarious crop, lumber, potash, turpentine, tar, pitch, indigo, and cotton. All these, except rice, are the natural productions of the country; and, as Buffon observes in his Natural History, that "Every country, every degree of temperature, has its particular plants," Nature appears to regard all exotics with the jealous eyes of a step-dame. Barley, for instance, does not thrive so well as wheat; oats no better than barley; but rye is good, though not in plentiful crops. Peaches are abundant in the southern states, but they are by no means equal in flavour to those of Europe; and will not pay either for hog-feeding, as they fall to the ground, or for gathering to carry to market, or to distil them into what is called peach-brandy. Therefore more of those orchards are grubbed up to raise Indian corn, than there are new ones planted.

Apples

Apples and pears are good: but as for garden-fruits, such as goose-berries, apricots, &c. they seldom come to perfection. Potatoes and turnips are good, but as they are only in demand for the table, and cattle prefer corn-blades to them, it will not answer to raise them in large quantities.

I have now run through the most considerable articles of the produce of the United States, and the European farmer will easily perceive, that it is almost impossible, even if he can overcome his old habits, and conform to the modes of the country, to grow rich by husbandry. I have never known a single instance of an English farmer who has succeeded, but many who have lost both their labour and money.

After all, your readers may wish to be satisfied, how it has happened, that the population of the United States has always increased, and still continues to increase, in spite of all these disadvantages; I shall endeavour to explain it to them.

There have always existed in human nature, two opposite dispositions—a love of novelty, and an attachment to long-established customs. The latter is the effect of easy circumstances, and of habit, or education, which forms habits. It is chiefly predominant in persons of moderate capacities, and settled and systematic principles. It binds men to a certain set of customs, which they derive as it were from inheritance; and, incased in it, as the silk-worm in a prison of its own formation, they are content to be regularly systematic; and, if I may be allowed the expression, mechanically happy. These are satisfied to remain on the spot where Nature first cast them. The former is engrafted on curiosity, which is inherent to every mind, in a greater or less degree; it becomes the ruling passion of the ardent projector, and is the *ignis fatuus* which constantly allures and bewilders the imagination of the volatile and the unsettled; who spend their time, like the Athenians, in inquiring after some "new thing." This disposition

tion makes the mind unstable, by leading it from certain enjoyments into the labyrinth of imaginary happiness; and when it is once launched into the boundless field of speculation, in its rapid search for new frivolities, and flight from one half finished experiment to another, it leaves behind the sound maxims of reason, and the sober dictates of truth. The latter of these habits forms what is called a roving disposition, and is one great cause of the perpetual influx of foreigners into the United States. Thousands have been allured thither by false statements and delusive hopes; and numbers have fled with the money of their creditors, or to avoid the punishment which the hand of the law was preparing to inflict on their crimes. Amongst these different classes of people, it is natural to imagine, that there must have been many who detested the restraints of civilised society, particularly, the dishonest and evil-minded, to whom the unrestrained life of savages appears delightful. Such are, for the most part, the back-woodsmen, who fell the first trees, and erect miserable hovels, scarcely fit to shelter cattle. They are, in reality, no better than the American Aborigines, whom they exceed neither in manners or disposition. They are too lazy to cultivate the land, and trust chiefly to hunting for their subsistence. This vanguard is, in a short space of time, succeeded by a second corps, of rather better morals; they purchase, for a trifle, the improvements of the first possessors, who again rush further into the woods, and recommence similar operations. The second party generally cultivate a small portion of land, and build a better kind of shelter, denominated log-houses, from their substance of logs of wood, which they plaister with the stiffest soil they can find. The first difficulties of a settlement being thus overcome, a third corps arrives, and purchases of the second, who pursue the steps of the first party. The last comers are commonly of industrious habits, and become stationary; although

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it is not unfrequent to find seven or eight different possessors, who, altogether, will not hold the lands more than three or four years. When any one of settled and industrious habits becomes the proprietor, he begins to clear the land in earnest; and when he has enough to subsist himself and family, he begins to enlarge and improve, or build a more commodious house. These habitations, in their best style, are either log or framed houses. The former are made of logs of wood notched and joined at the corners; the interstices are filled with moss, straw, or grass, and plaistered with earth. The roof is generally of bark, but sometimes of split boards. The chimney, if there be any, is a pile of stones; if not, a fire is made on the ground, and a hole is left in the roof to emit the smoke. Sometimes another hole is made in the side, to admit light, which, in inclement weather, is closed by a shutter: at other times, there are only two doors opposite to each other, of which, the one to windward is kept shut, and the other left open, to answer the purpose of a window. In every season a constant fire must be kept, as the smoke is necessary to keep off those swarms of musquitoes and other insects with which the woods abound; and the same precautions must also be taken to defend the cattle from them; as, smarting under the venom of those insects, they will disappear in the forests, and grow wild. A smouldering fire of green leaves and brushwood, which will cause a great smoke, is made near to and to the windward of the place where they are to remain during the night. Such are the asyla of the second and third parties, and nothing can be imagined more dreary. They are, however, more or less decent and capacious, according to the taste or moral disposition of the inhabitant; and if he be indolent, he is satisfied with the first rude essay; if he be industrious, so soon as he has cleared a sufficient quantity of land, he enlarges his hut, or erects another upon a more convenient spot. If he have money,

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and a stream on his land capable of working a saw-mill, he gets one built, and converts the trees, which he daily fells, into planks, and with these he covers the outside of his house; the joints, rafters, and all the other parts of the skeleton, are of tolerable carpenter's work; and this, when it is covered with shingles, constitutes what they call a framed house. They also add, perhaps, a barn, a stable, and a cattle-pen. At the very first sight of these habitations, it is easy to judge of the different degrees of prosperity and industry of the proprietors of them. By these progressive steps, the face of the country quickly changes, and cultivated fields succeed to useless forests.

The American, who knows not the enjoyments of the European farmer, and who only reads, or hears repeated, what their newspapers teem with, of the superior blessings which they enjoy over the inhabitants of every other country on the face of the globe, believes that independence and happiness is not to be found elsewhere; he is satisfied with his situation, is habituated to the scourges of the climate, and the drudgery of his labour. The European emigrant, on the contrary, who has witnessed a different order of things, is a prey to chagrin, disappointment, and despair; and, either wanting courage, or the money which he has wasted in unprofitable speculations to carry him back to his native land, he vegetates where his folly, credulity, or avarice, has placed him, and wears out a restless life. His children, however, if born in the country, or brought thither at a tender age, have all the advantages of not knowing that there is another and a better country on this globe, are reconciled to their fate, and seek no farther. One generation suffices to convert the European into the American, with all his habits, customs, and predilections.

These, except by the natural means of generation, are the principal causes of the increase of population

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and cultivation in the United States, and they will continue to increase, in spite of all these disadvantages; for, if the wandering Arabs, in their love of independence and boundless liberty, are contented with a desert, without verdure or water, and plains of arid sand, where no cooling shade invites the parched, panting, and almost suffocated traveller, we need not wonder, that people of a similar disposition are to be found, who can be enamoured with a country which, though very far from being the paradise of the world, is as much superior to the deserts of Arabia, as the south of England is to the rugged, dreary, and bleak northernmost parts of Scotland.

ON INTEMPERANCE.

IT was an usual saying of the great Lord Verulam, that "not one man in a thousand died a natural death;" which remark is certainly just; for, if we take the trouble of searching into the true source of the numerous disorders with which mankind are afflicted, we shall find the greater part date the beginning of their complaints from some kind of intemperance. Intemperance, indeed, is a sure ravager; for no sooner are the paths of prudence renounced, than we forget every thing that tends to virtue; our mind becomes inflated with false hopes and desires; and, whilst envy takes possession of our breasts, we repine at the simplicity of our stations in life, which makes us dissatisfied with every thing around us: all order is then subverted, and we break through every tie that ensures us felicity in this life; for we wound the peace of domestic pleasure; defame the good name of our friends; set at defiance the kind advice that is given to us; and stir up broils in that quarter where kindness and affection joined in the most cordial union. From such vile excesses as these, how many amiable and generous characters have we seen

sink, as it were, to nothingness! men, who, had they employed the talents they possessed to honorable purposes, might have shone as brilliant stars in the diadem of science, and have been the glory of their country, and the pride of society. But thus it is, though we have daily demonstration of the consequences arising from such depravity; though we have suicides, murders, and miseries, in abundance, for us to reflect upon, and bring us to a right sense of reason; yet such pictures, somehow or other, do not strike us in the manner they ought to do: we contemplate them with a seeming indifference; and, instead of leading a life more consonate to the principles of a good and moral member of society, we have a desire of plunging deeper into the accursed stream, and farther glutting ourselves with the dear-bought pleasure. What a degradation is it thus to sport with our life! Is it not placing the benevolence of the Creator in a very contemptible point of view? If we carefully examine the structure of the human body, how surprising its mechanism, how delicate its fibres and tendons, and with what order every pulsation moves, we shall be astonished, that it has been able to bear the severe shocks it often undergoes for such a length of time. But intemperance, though slow in its operations, is a sure and subtle poison, for our health cannot long sustain the attack; our body becomes enervated and weak; and the drooping fabric of our constitution feels decay, totters, and at last sinks oppressed beneath its ruins. How many objects of this description do we daily see crawling along, hardly able to bear their palsied frame! What would such wretched beings give for one moment of pleasure or enjoyment! But life is a burthen; and the little of it that remains, is not worth the soliciting for. The poor dejected and miserable sufferer drops complaining to the grave, without one kind friend to pity or commiserate his fate. Such are the effects that accrue from a fatal indulgence

dulgence in intemperance; and these are the conclusions we ought to draw from these pictures of depravity: that pleasure and excess, though they may entice us, at our outset, by their alluring charms, yet they lead us through the thorny way of misery, to the unfathomable gulph of distraction and despair. It is a certain fact, that, in whatsoever way we partake of the felicities of this world, those enjoyments kept within the compass of moderation and prudence, are those only from which man receives the most satisfaction and pleasure; for, if we attempt to pass the boundaries of such limitations, we become bewildered, and lose all just sense of those refined delights which constitute the principal happiness of man. On the contrary, if we refrain from such inconsistent pleasures, we feel, as we ought to feel, with that dignity of mind, which Providence has endowed us with above the brute creation: we move in whatsoever sphere of life Fortune has placed us, with a becoming resignation and spirit, and the ills of the world we brave with fortitude: our reason informs us how to act; we acquire each hour, some new endowment or qualification: our life preserves one uniform tenor; neither influenced by the extravagancies of mankind, or sinking into that disgusting insolence of disposition, which naturally proceeds from voluptuousness and debauchery: a true regulation is kept in all things; and we glide along, on the crystal stream of contentment, without one adverse wind to stop our gay career. In short, we find in the pursuit of temperance, a just portion of that happiness which mortals seek for, but too oft in vain.

"Tis to thy rules, O Temperance! that we owe
"All pleasures which from health or strength can flow;
"Vigor of body, purity of mind,
"Unclouded reason, sentiment refin'd."

Liverpool, Dec. 1805. J—A B—WD—N.

A VILLAGE TALE.

DO you see yon new-bricked grave, across which the Moon now throws her rays? I can tell you a tale about that grave would melt an heart of adamant. Let us rest beneath this elm awhile. The air is calm and mild, and there is a solemn stillness reigning, well suited to the melancholy story.

Inclosed in that small space lie the remains of two of Nature's fairest children, as well as the most unfortunate. Poor Rose was the daughter of a farmer who died whilst she was in her infancy, and left her mother in embarrassed circumstances, being unable to keep on the farm. The widow sold her stock, and retired to a more humble dwelling. If you cast your eyes across the meadows, you will see through the opening of those trees on your right, a small white cottage: it was there Rose lived many years in happiness with her surviving parent. As she grew up, she was the delight of every heart, both for her goodness and beauty; and her fond mother's sole comfort on earth was her duteous Rose. So much perfection remained not long unnoticed by the village youths; but one only had power to touch her heart: he was a worthy youth; son of a neighbouring farmer; tall and well-formed; with manners rather above the rustics of his acquaintance. No wonder Rose listened with attention to his ardent love, and owned a reciprocal regard. As they roved together through the meads, or sat in the little arbor at the end of her mother's small garden, nothing was then talked of in the village but the approaching nuptials of Rose and William; for they had gained the consent of their parents; and William looked forward with rapture to the day that was to make Rose his for ever. Her mother, too, was to live with them; and many future hours of happiness were planned by them; hours fated never to arrive. They had been

twice

twice asked in church, when, unfortunately, a Baronet, who is the Lord of the Manor, came down with a party of fashionables to pass the hunting season at the large mansion which stands at the extremity of yonder park. He had no sooner arrived at his seat, than his aged steward informed him of Rose's intended wedding, as he always wished to be informed of any particular occurrence in the village; at the same time extolling her beauty and virtue; for she was beloved by all who knew her. Sir Frederic listened with deep attention as Hubert recounted her perfections, and promised to see her and William on the morrow. Unhappily for them, he kept his word. The innocent charms of Rose soon made him determine on her ruin; and he left no method untried to gain her to his wishes. But she was inflexible in her attachment to William; all the allurements of grandeur which Sir Frederic offered to her view, served but to strengthen her more firmly in her attachment to her intended husband. Had William followed her meritorious example, they might, at this moment, have been living instances of happiness; and her poor heart-broken mother a joyful witness of their delights: but, alas! it was otherwise. Sir Frederic finding nothing he had urged would shake her constant mind, bethought him of another expedient. Amongst the guests at his Castle was a woman of high ton, and not the purest principles; one who considered rank as a screen for every vice and folly in which she chose to indulge. Careless of the opinion of the world, because she could live without it, she was alike indifferent to its praise or censure. To this votary of folly and extravagance did the Baronet apply to aid him in a scheme he had formed of estranging the heart of William from his Rose. She readily promised her assistance; declaring she should enjoy, of all things, gaining the heart of so fine a youth as William, whom she thought far too good for the blushing little rustic allotted him. The next morning

morning Sir Frederic acquainted his Steward, he intended giving a little dance to the young people of the village, and desired he would invite them to the Castle on the following day, ordering every thing to be provided for their accommodation that was requisite. Old Hubert obeyed his master's orders with the greatest alacrity he was able. Rose and William were invited with the rest: and by six o'clock the next evening, the party assembled in the Castle Hall, the place doomed to be the grave of Rose's happiness. After enjoying themselves for a short time, Sir Frederic and his company entered the Hall, and declared their intentions of joining the dance. The Baronet immediately requested the hand of Rose, who, with becoming modesty, refused, declaring her intention of not dancing any more. Sir Frederic in vain endeavoured to shake her resolution; she was steady in her refusal, which obliged him with great reluctance to select another partner. Lady Mary proved more fortunate in the application she made by Sir Frederic for the hand of William. Highly flattered, to be noticed by so great a Lady, he, with glowing cheeks, led her to the top of the room, looking with conscious pride on his less favored companions. Many a fond look did he cast on his dear Rose, who sat pensively viewing the happy groupe. Sir Frederic had entirely spoiled her evening's pleasure; for, after denying him, she could accept of no other partner. "Happy Lady Mary!" sighed she softly to herself, as William led her down the dance. After being a spectator for some hours, she beckoned William, and asked him to see her home, as she found herself fatigued with sitting up so late. William was grieved to see her look pale and faint; but, unwilling to leave the scene of gaiety, advised her to take some refreshment; hinting, that it was a pity she had refused Sir Frederic, as she had deprived herself of much pleasure by so doing. Rose was astonished: she could scarcely believe she heard aright;

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but, willing to form the best opinion of his speech, she persuaded herself it arose from a desire of seeing her enjoy the scene as much as he had done. Still she was uneasy to be at home; though she said no more to William: indeed, he had left her, and returned to his artful partner, who had lost no opportunity of insinuating herself into his favor. It was now time to break up; and William, with reluctance, left the Castle, and attended Rose to her Mother's cottage. At parting, he slightly prest her hand, and sighed deeply. But, alas! the sigh was not for her. However, she thought it so; and that thought, in part, restored peace to her agitated bosom. Her mother perceived she was not well, and fondly regretted she had suffered her to go. "But how, my dear child, (said she,) could I refuse to place you under the care of our dear William, who will soon take the charge for life? Believe me, dearest Rose, the thoughts of seeing you united to so good a youth, revives a spark of comfort in my woe-worn breast. How I long to see that day which is to make my child happy!" "Ah! when will that day arrive? (thought Rose.) Never, I fear." A tear trickled down her cheek as she returned the affectionate salute of her mother. Then, with a heavy heart, and trembling step, she ascended to her chamber. When in bed, busy thought prevented her sleeping. Never had she been so little noticed by William since their first acquaintance. How was she to account for it? She did not recollect offending him: and her artless mind had no idea of a rival. The more she pondered, the more she found herself bewildered. She wished she had not gone to the Castle, as she was certain she had never passed so miserable a night. Wearied with conjecture, she addressed herself to that Power who ever protects the innocent, and resigning herself to His almighty care, sunk into a short slumber.

William had spent the night in the same unquiet way; his wavering heart fluttering between Rose and

Lady

Lady Mary. "Dearest Rose, (said he to himself,) let me not injure thy matchless image, by suffering another to supplant it in my heart. Lady Mary's charms, to be sure, are great; and she certainly flattered me with the strongest proofs of her regard. Surely she cannot think seriously of one so unworthy of her, so much beneath her as myself! I wish I knew her mind. Pardon, dear Rose, this wandering from the thought of thee. Would the day was come that makes thee mine: then will I banish all but thee from my breast: but till then, it cannot be a crime to *think* on others." Thus did he pass the night, and in the morning rose unrefreshed and pallid. He called on Rose: for the the first time, he felt a restraint before her. He blushed, and his tongue faultered, as he inquired whether she had recovered her fatigue. Rose felt the alteration in his manner: severely she felt it: and when she would have replied to his inquiries, her full heart stopt her utterance, and she burst into tears. The sight revived all William's tenderness: he pressed her to his bosom with fondness, and earnestly implored her to tell him the cause of her grief. "I feared I had offended you, William, and was unconscious how." "Offended me, my sweet girl! Never can you offend any one. Banish such suspicions from your mind, and believe my heart to be wholly yours." This kind assurance satisfied Rose, and pleasure once more illumined her blue eyes.

Short, very short, was her happiness; for the fickle William soon forgot his vows. The alluring charms of Lady Mary made him forfeit his integrity; and in a few days after the reconciliation, the heart of poor unhappy Rose was struck cold with the tidings, that her beloved, infatuated William had left the village accompanied by her rival. Sir Frederic was the cruel bearer of the heart-rending tidings. An icy chill ran through her veins as he proceeded with the story; but, before he could finish, she dropped

ped senseless in his arms. He called loudly for assistance, fearing his abruptness had been fatal. Her mother, who was in an adjoining apartment, rushed out; she shrieked as she caught the miserable girl from his arms, and folded her to her bosom. The sudden motion, and her mother's scream, caused the ill-fated Rose to unclose her eyes, but their lustre was fled; the horrid news had shook her intellects: she knew nothing, remembered nothing. Deep sighs burst from her overcharged heart; but she was unconscious of the cause. Her mother with tears intreated to know what had reduced her darling child to so wretched a state. Sir Frederic, in a few words, told her the fatal truth. Horror-struck, she could scarcely believe it. William could not be so base as to desert her Rose, after the repeated protestations of everlasting love he had made in her presence. But she found it too true; and her last hopes of happiness were for ever vanished. For hours would she sit weeping over her lovely inanimate Rose; who, with fixed eyes, and drooping head, sat a living monument of wretchedness. Such accumulated misery was too much to bear; her exhausted frame sunk under it; and the week after William's desertion beheld her a corpse. The kind neighbours hastened to the fair insensate the moment they heard of her mother's death: among the rest were William's parents, who were wretched as herself; for they fondly loved her, and execrated the vile wretch who had seduced their son from his duty. Every art was tried to bring Rose to a sense of her condition; but in vain. At length it struck them that the sight of her mother might produce the effect they so earnestly wished. Taking her passive hand, they led her to the room where, shrouded in her coffin, lay the pale remains of her departed parent. The well-known features recalled her scattered senses: she gazed a moment on her mother's lifeless form; then, with a heart-piercing shriek, sunk motionless on the coffin.

coffin. When restored to animation, her agonies were dreadful. All the fatal events of the last fortnight burst upon her memory: with clasped hands, and streaming eyes, she deplored her wretched fate. No one, who saw her, but mingled their tears with hers, and wished they had suffered her to remain in the unconscious state from which their endeavours had roused her. William's mother continued with her till the funeral was over. She followed the corpse of her dear mother with a firm step, and tearless eye; the effect of inward despair. When she beheld the coffin placed in the earth, she for an instant wildly fixed her eyes upon it; then casting them to Heaven, her lips moved as if in prayer; and, with a look of pious resignation, she left the churchyard, and proceeded, accompanied by her friends, to her melancholy home. William's parents begged her to reside with them; they wished still to consider her as a daughter; but she shuddered at the proposal, and solemnly vowed never to quit the habitation of her youth and happier days. An aged servant of her mother, who had lived with them in their prosperity, and would not forsake them in less fortunate times, continued with the wretched Rose, whose mind had been diverted by the late events from the thoughts of William's baseness. Now left to herself, they returned with double force: for hours would she sit in the arbor, indulging the soul-harrowing thought, till her full heart had swelled almost to bursting, and the tears of agony traced each other down her wan and sunken cheeks; thus would the faithful Rachel often find her when she went to remind her of the lateness of the hour, and to lead her in from the damp chill of the evening.

Whilst Rose was thus suffering all the agonies a tortured heart could endure, William was no less miserable. Even at the moment he was forsaking her, his heart was wrung with anguish; and the vile partner of his flight was forced to throw out every allure-

ment to prevent his return the moment he arrived in the Metropolis. Judge, then, what were his feelings, when informed of the sad consequences of his desertion. With frenzy he cursed himself, and the artful woman who had caused him to abandon Rose. He rushed from her presence, and darted into the streets, where his hurried step, and wild, distracted looks, caught the attention of the passengers, who judged him to be some maniac broke from confinement. The swiftness of his motion prevented that crowd from following him, which too often attends the steps of those whom misfortunes have driven to insanity. Having wandered the whole day without knowing whither, his thoughts became more composed, though not less poignant. He knew not what to do. To return to Rose, he felt would be to wound her more deeply. How could he present to her sight, the guilty wretch whose cruelty had plunged her into the depth of woe? As his mind flew distractedly from one idea to another, a recruiting Sergeant came up, and taking his arm, asked him if he was willing to serve his King and Country; offering him, at the same time, a large bounty. He instantly accepted the offer. Weary of life, he hoped soon to lay it down in his Country's defence.

(To be concluded in our next.)

To the EDITOR *of the* LADY'S MUSEUM.

SIR, *December* 11, 1805.

IT is very much the wish of the writer of the following Letter, to second the laudable efforts which are making through the channel of a respectable Newspaper, to put a stop to the practice of affixing particular Prizes to certain Tickets drawn on particular days: it is a gross imposition on the public; and it is hoped that the Editors of the Monthly Museum will favor the following with an early inser-

tion. The writer is a constant subscriber to their elegant periodical work; and, probably, hints conveyed through *such* a channel, will be better attended to, than when sent to a common newspaper.

From two Letters which appeared a short time since in the General Evening Post, it is evident that the public are at length opening their eyes to the imposition levied on their purses, and the insult offered to their understanding, by the perseverance of affixing Capital Prizes to the first or last drawn numbers on *particular* days; for if all the Prizes be put into the Wheel, as the Public are taught to believe, how can these people pretend to say, that any *particular* Ticket shall be entitled to a particular Prize?

It is a matter of surprise to us, that so flagrant an abuse should so long have remained unnoticed; and still more, that it should be persevered in, *after* the Public have testified their disapprobation of it. John Bull is allowed to be tolerably good-natured, and his *credulity* is almost *incredible*; but when once he is roused, and when once he discovers that those who possessed his confidence have abused it, he is not appeased till he receives some atonement. In the present instance, it is hoped and expected, that the Gentlemen of the Lottery Offices will *condescend* to explain how such an arrangement as the one complained of, can be made with equity? This explanation they owe to themselves; and why in the Lottery of September, 1804, there were only 10,500 tickets drawn in the first *seven* days, and 14,500 tickets kept back for the last *three* days? Can they in their conscience call this fair play?

I remember being once very much amused at hearing the following anecdote related of a Cobler, who had frequently outwitted a Bailiff who was watching for him. One morning, this deputy of Messrs. Doe and Roe made himself sure of this son of Crispin, and repairing

——'to the Stall,
" Which serv'd him for parlor, for kitchen and hall,"

he

he knocked at the door, and, upon a feeble child's voice enquiring "*who was there?*" Master Bailiff replied, "It is I, dear, have brought a pair of shoes for your Daddy to mend; where is he?" The same voice answered, "Daddy is stepped out; but if you'll please to leave the shoes, I'll tell him to mend them when he comes back. I'm sick, or I would open the door for you, Sir: but if you'll please to put your finger in the hole, and lift up the latch, you can let yourself in."

Master Nab, delighted, and making sure of his man, of whom he intended to await the return, eagerly did as he was desired; and a sharp knife on the inside chopped off his finger. The same voice squeaked out, "Put another finger in the hole, Sir." The poor mutilated Bailiff vociferated that he would be D——d if he did!

Now Crispin, who was a ventriloquist by nature, as well as a cobler by trade, had espied the Bailiff approaching, and assuming the voice of infancy, weakened by sickness, practised the above trick, more successful than humane, upon his adversary.

Now for the Moral to my anecdote—and *both* are founded on Facts. The Public, less wise, or more daring, than the Bailiff, have suffered more than *one* finger to be chopped off; and the many advertisements, and absurd paragraphs, concerning the Lotteries, are meant merely as so many lures to entrap the credulity of the unsuspecting. In the scheme for the February Lottery are the following *acknowledged* distributions of Prizes. First drawn, 1st Day, 10,000l. Ditto, 4th Day, 20,000l. Ditto, 6th Day, 20,000l. Ditto, 8th Day, 5,000l. Ditto, 10th Day, 2,000l.!!!

Let us hope that these abuses will be corrected, and the Lottery, if possible, be conducted with fairness, and an equal *chance* to all adventurers.

JUSTICE.

VAUXHALL;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF CAROLINE.

SITTING in a posture no less thoughtful than that of the immortal Cervantes when studying to compose a preface to his admirable work, and debating in what manner I should amuse my various readers upon the commencement of the *New Year*, a circumstance which had occurred during the last Summer, so forcibly struck my imagination, as to disperse a whole train of moral thoughts, which reflection had collected into that seat of sensorium, vulgarly called the brain, for the purpose of composing an appropriate essay upon the necessity of using instead of abusing time.

That we are creatures accountable for our words and actions, is certain; but Heaven forbid that we should be so for our thoughts; for though I had been two hours arranging mine into a connected channel, for the purpose of edifying the youthful part of my readers, by a moral disquisition upon the necessity of improving their minds, yet the misfortunes of the amiable Caroline have so entirely taken possession of my imagination, that, instead of an essay upon the present season, I find myself under the necessity of offering them an interesting Tale.

Accident, a few months ago, introduced me to an old school-fellow, whom I had not seen for fifteen years. Each felt a secret delight in recounting our boyish exploits at Eton, and we could not tear ourselves asunder until a very late hour. Our meeting had taken place at a tavern; but my friend insisted upon my spending the following day at his house, which happened to be situated within the vicinity of Vauxhall. Horatio (which is the only name by which I shall distinguish him) had a lucrative employment under Government, and was what might be

be termed a complete man of the world; or, in other words, indulged himself in those fashionable vices which are thought to give the character a certain *eclat*. After having completely exhausted the power of recollection, by relating the principal events which had occurred to each since we left school, about ten o'clock Horatio made the proposal of strolling as far as Vauxhall. To this proposal I at first objected, from having drank a larger quantity of wine than I was used to do; however, as my friend pressed very warmly, I suffered myself to be persuaded, and we found the gardens completely thronged.

The general effect of wine is to produce exhilaration; though I must acknowledge myself an exception to this rule; for if, upon any occasion, I take a larger portion than that to which I am accustomed, it produces a seriousness of reflection, and a gloominess of thought. It had acted upon Horatio in a very different manner; his spirits were elevated; he seemed to tread upon air; and as our feelings were so little in unison, I left him flirting with a female, and retired into a private walk. To a man in a reflecting mood, the scenes which presented themselves were such as could not fail making a deep impression on the mind: and, entirely absorbed in my own ideas, I involuntarily exclaimed, "If ever I have a Daughter, she shall never set foot in this licentious place!" The sound of my own voice, united to the penetrating sigh of a young woman, recalled me to recollection, and proved the folly of openly moralizing in such a scene. I hastily turned round, and beheld one of the most interesting figures which the hand of nature ever formed. She was seated upon one of the benches in a reclining attitude. A hand which might have rivalled the swan in whiteness, concealed one half of her face; whilst the downcast direction of her eyes prevented me from perceiving whether she noticed the ardency of my gaze. I

paused a few moments, hesitating whether I should accost her, reflecting whether this appearance of sorrow could be the effect of design; and I inwardly enquired of myself, whether it was possible that virtue could seek a spot peculiarly devoted to the practice of vice. The answer which Reason gave will be evident to my readers; yet I responsively returned the fallen fair one's sigh; and quitting this retired spot, found Horatio in search of me, to say that he had engaged me to sup with a party of friends in a private box.

I accepted the invitation, yet found it impossible to banish this image of frailty from my mind; and as the gardens began to thin, and my friend was gone to procure a carriage for his female acquaintance, I slipped out of the box unobserved. As I approached the spot where I had left the fair mourner seated, my heart palpitated with an emotion for which I could not account; for, as I observed before, I had arrived at an age when the passions have lost much of their dominion; and I had every reason, from the situation in which I had discovered her, to believe her a girl of the town. I drew near the bench: she was still in the same attitude. "Will no one take compassion upon you, my dear?" said I, in an accent of tenderness, at the same time pressing her unreluctant hand. "Compassion!" she repeated with the strongest emphasis. "Compassion is not to be expected *here*. Yet, if your heart is not totally destitute of sensibility, for Pity's sake, do not insult my distress!"

"Insult you! It would be an act of perfect sacrilege! My heart is sensibly affected by your distress; and though you have chosen a spot of all others, where virtue is liable to be insulted, yet I am convinced it is from ignorance rather than design." She lifted up her eyes, and gazed upon me with an expression which it would be impossible for the power of language to paint; for gratitude, astonishment, distress,

distress, and apprehension, were in the most forcible manner combined. "Can I serve you, (said I) Tell me candidly: do you want money? Do you want a friend?" "A friend! (she repeated:) Great God! I thank you. Yet, perhaps, (continued she, sighing,) I do not understand what you mean."

I assured her that my offer of friendship was totally disinterested; but acknowleged that she had excited a curiosity which would not easily be repressed; at the same time pointing out the impropriety of her remaining in that situation, as the gardens rapidly thinned; whilst loud shouts of noisy mirth proceeded from the voices of Bacchanalians, which were answered by peals of laughter from the dissolute bands of her own sex. The observation seemed suddenly to remind her of her danger. "Perhaps, (said she,) you will have the goodness to accompany me home. A miserable one it is; but I can there safely gratify your curiosity; and I feel convinced you will not abuse the confidence you require." "The person of a beloved sister (I replied) should not be more sacred:" at the same time drawing her hand under my arm, and requesting her to conduct me to her miserable home. Our walk from the gardens was closed in less than five minutes. A woman, about forty, met us at the door. "Well, Caroline, (said she,) I began to fear you had deceived me, and that your over scrupulous delicacy would have let your mother starve!"

"Oh! could she know the means I have adopted to preserve her existence, she would, I am persuaded, think it far too dearly bought," exclaimed the agitated Caroline, clasping her hands, and bursting into tears. "Come, come; none of your sentimentals, child, (said the detestable Mrs. Maurice:) the gentlemen all, I assure you, prefer smiles to tears. But please to walk up stairs, Sir; for your apartment is quite ready; and I am sure you will say there is not a prettier in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall."

All Caroline's courage seemed suddenly to forsake her at the bare mention of the apartment being prepared. I respectfully took her hand, and, in a whisper, implored her to rely upon my honor; and believe herself secure. The officious Mrs. Maurice preceded us with the candle; and opening the door of a small cupboard, displayed biscuits and wine; begging to know whether my honor was not of opinion, that a glass or two would do the poor faint-hearted thing good. That Caroline's spirits required a cordial was evident; I therefore took out half-a-guinea to pay for the wine; and directing my eyes towards the door, gave her a nod of significance, when, with a low courtesy, she quitted the room. The door was no sooner closed, than Caroline's agitation became violent. "O, Heaven! (she exclaimed,) what have I done!" "Compose yourself, (said I; not daring to approach her, for fear of increasing an agitation she seemed scarcely able to support.) You promised me your confidence; but if you think I am unworthy of it, do me the favor of accepting this purse: for as I am convinced that distress alone induced you to expose yourself to the perilous situation in which I found you, I trust the contents will be sufficient to prevent you from making so dangerous an experiment again." She waved her hand for me to be seated. I obeyed the signal; and a silence of some minutes ensued, when, regaining an unexpected degree of composure, she addressed me in the following words.

"Though unexampled distress induced me to adopt a measure, at the bare mention of which my heart inwardly recoiled, yet I must either have beheld an aged parent forced from a bed of sickness into prison, or have followed the abandoned Mrs. Maurice's advice, to whom we are indebted for a miserable apartment, between five and six pounds. My father was captain of a trading vessel. He loved me with an affection of the most tender kind; and

as

as parental partiality made him view me with different eyes to those of any other person, he was desirous that I should receive advantages beyond what my situation required. No expence was, therefore, spared upon my education. I was instructed in those accomplishments which, alas! have proved of but little use; whilst I was left in total ignorance of those useful occupations necessary to the station which Providence ordained that I should fill.

"About eighteen months have elapsed since I had the misfortune to lose this indulgent parent. The vessel, and all the crew, found an untimely grave; and though my father had always been in the habit of insuring his property, we could find no memorial to prove he had taken the usual precaution previous to this fatal voyage. Deep as my sorrows were, yet I was under the necessity of concealing them for my surviving parent's sake, whose sufferings were so great at this unexpected calamity, that, for several weeks, the physician entertained no hopes of her life. Her health not only suffered, but her mental faculties were deeply affected; and during this trying period, I found the inefficacy of those accomplishments which my poor father had so highly prized; for my total ignorance of all domestic concerns exposed me to the imposition of those people whom I was under the necessity of employing to attend my mother when her disorder was at its height. Affection would have led me to perform these offices; but fear rendered me unequal to the task; for so completely was I terrified by the situation she was reduced to, that I trembled whenever I entered the room. The expence attending this dreadful disease was actually astonishing: for as I scarcely knew the price of a quartern loaf, I was incapable of judging whether the nurses charged me extravagantly for the necessary articles which they procured. Seventy pounds were soon expended. Five-and-twenty, it is true, went in physician's fees. A pretended friend

of

of my poor father's offered me a fresh supply of money, on condition of my giving him a bill of sale. Of the power such a deed would give, I was totally ignorant. Money in my mother's situation could not be done without; and I injudiciously gave this unprincipled man a complete command over all our furniture, upon receiving from him the sum of thirty pounds.

"My prayers were at length heard; my beloved mother became rational: yet a misfortune of the most afflictive nature still was in store; for, on the very day that I discharged her no longer necessary attendants, the unfeeling, the treacherous Clipson called. With expressions of friendship the most sincere, he at first congratulated her upon the recovery of her health, and described the agitation I had suffered during her illness in the most pathetic terms. With the artifice of a friend, he then reverted to the enormous expence necessarily produced by her complaint; and described the gratification he had experienced at being able to relieve the pecuniary embarrassment under which I had labored; and repeated those professions of regard and friendship that had so completely imposed upon me. Drawing out the deed from his pocket, which my signature had not rendered valid, he requested my mother to indorse it with her name; and, by way of convincing her of the sincerity of his professions, intreated her to accept, as a mark of friendship, a five pound note.

"He was too well acquainted with the independance of my mother's disposition, to fear her accepting this mark of kindness and esteem; and, deceived by his alluring professions, she signed, without perusing, the fatal deed. Upon taking leave, he informed her, that business of the utmost consequence required his absence for a few days; and expressed a hope, that, upon his return, she would be

able

able to examine into the state of her deceased husband's affairs.

"I greatly fear (replied my unsuspicious parent) that the greater part of his property is swallowed up in the deep; yet I feel a strong conviction that his vessel was insured." "He had some property in the funds, surely?" enquired Clipson. "I know (replied my mother) part of it was sold out; for the ship was laden with a more expensive freight than common; and he expected to make at least fifteen hundred pounds by the voyage." Here the conversation closed, and this pretended friend departed. At an early hour the next morning, two ill-looking fellows knocked at the door, which was opened by our only domestic, a girl about sixteen. They walked in without ceremony; and taking out a pen and ink, began making an inventory in form. The unsuspicious girl believing they were excisemen, went on in the usual manner with her work. My poor mother was leaning upon my arm, and coming down to breakfast, as we met these appalling men ascending the stairs. "Whom do you want? (said she, alarmed at their appearance.) Gentlemen, you have certainly mistaken the house."

"You allow this to be your hand writing, I suppose, Ma'am," said one of these fellows, in a sneering accent; at the same time shewing her the signature she had given to that fatal bill of sale. "It is," replied my mother, with a steadiness which astonished me. "Well then, (rejoined the man,) Mr. Clipson, you will allow, has a complete command here; and as his own affairs are in an unpleasant situation, he is going to sell off your effects."

"So totally unacquainted was I with a business of that nature, that I scarcely comprehended the meaning of what I heard. "Let me see your power," said my mother collectedly; and, upon examining it, she found that, instead of signing a promissory note, she had given a bill of sale. The folly she had

had been guilty of struck her too forcibly for her to be able to make any reply; and not to tire you, Sir, by a description of distress which no language is capable of painting, our furniture was all sold on the following day, without those advertising forms which give the proprietor an advantage by collecting a set of respectable persons to purchase the goods. Our house, though small, was neatly furnished; and those articles which were worth 200, sold for little more than sixty pounds; and when Clipson was paid, and the expences of the sale discharged, my mother found her whole property to consist of about fourteen pounds. With this she was advised to come to London, for the purpose of examining the different stocks; for, as my father had taken his book of accompts with him, it was the only means of discovering whether all his property was lost. Neither of us had ever visited that great city: my mother, though an excellent œconomist, was wholly unacquainted with the world; and my ignorance of it could not have been exceeded by that of a child of six years old.

"My mother, at first, took a small apartment in the city, for the purpose of being near the Bank: but in two days we discovered that my father had sold out his whole property, except fifty pounds; and the ship-broker, with whom he had transacted business for five-and-twenty years, in the most sacred manner, assured us, that he had omitted his general practice upon his last voyage. My mother had met with so much deception, that she doubted the truth of this assertion; but, to convince her of his honor, the broker displayed his books; and we could only account for this omission, by the increase of insurance upon a valuable freight.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PUBLIC

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY-LANE.

December 7.

TO-NIGHT a new grand Legendary Melo-Drama, entitled, *The Sleeping Beauty*, was produced at this Theatre. It is the production of Mr. SKEFFINGTON; and, much as may have been hoped from the taste and genius of that Gentleman, the reality far exceeded the most sanguine expectation. The scene, as may be inferred from the *Dramatis Personæ*, is laid in England, in the remote age of chivalry; the happiest, perhaps, that an author could chuse, who wished to combine all the beauties of spectacle with the fascinations of romance. The piece commences with a most beautiful view of the country, and a party of *huntsmen* enter. Mr. GIBBON, as one of them, sung a charming song, with much taste and sweetness. He was not less successful in a *duet* with Mrs. BLAND, as a *Village Maid*. Two Knights Errant, *Aldibert* and *Oswin*, upon hearing from *Old Ellen*, who is 117 years old, that *Ethelinda*, and all her attendants, have been asleep 100 years in the enchanted wood, determine, accompanied by their 'Squire, *Launcelot*, to rescue them, by breaking the charm; in which *Aldibert* is assisted by *Melzarina*, the good fairy, who descends with the clouds on the stage. This is effected in a manner the most novel and beautiful that can be conceived; and PARISOT displayed some of her most graceful attitudes. The adventurous knights proceed through the palace, and arrive at the grand saloon, where they find all the enchanted company fast asleep, in full youth and beauty, in the exact state in which they were 100 years before. In the bosom of *Edward*, the favorite page, they find some verses, which are sung by the sleeping page in a most delightful style. The fold-

ing doors that concealed the *Sleeping Beauty* are forced, and disclose the most magnificent scene ever produced upon a Theatre. The charm is now broken, and the various characters awake, just as they were when they fell asleep a century before. Several beautiful dances succeed. The knights then swear to protect their fair mistresses from the usurper, whose power they dread. *Edward*, the page, seeks his beloved *Ellen*, and finds her a poor decrepid old woman. Perceiving his disappointment, she releases him from his promise; but he nobly declares his affection unaltered; and his constancy is rewarded by her transformation into a beautiful young lady.

The moral is pretty, and worthy the refined taste of the author. The Usurper, *Ethelred*, and his guards, obtain entrance into the castle by a subterraneous passage, when *Aldibert* challenges him to single combat, in which much skill is displayed by Mr. De Camp and Mr. D'Egville. *Ethelred* is killed. The hands of the knights and the enchanted damsels are joined by the *Good Fairy*; and the whole concludes with a most magnificent scene of transparent pillars, and other ornaments, dancing by Parisot, and a charming chorus. The music is by Mr. Addison. The overture is beautiful, and was loudly applauded. The songs possess sweetness, taste, and science. The accompaniments to the Melo-Drama, are grand and appropriate. The performers displayed much excellence in their several parts; but Miss De Camp's personification of *Old Ellen*, and the manner in which she executed her song, may be considered a *chef d'œuvre*. The sketch of the fable announces this a piece out of the ordinary line. There is nothing common nor hacknied about it. The foundation may rest, indeed, upon an old story; but the superstructure, and the order, are all new, striking, and eccentric. They furnish proofs of original genius, finished taste, and fruitful fancy. Such is the piece with which Mr. Skeffington has enriched the stage.

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It is, perhaps, the most elegant scenic exhibition ever presented to a British audience. Upon many previous occasions, the liberality of the Managers has been carried to excess. It has seldom failed to produce grandeur and brilliancy. The scenery and machinery, in the present instance, have proved still more successful. The most polished taste shines through every scene; and splendor every where presents itself, adorned with that exquisite delicacy, which the eye seeks in the works of the most finished artists.

The house presented a most brilliant appearance; and the *Sleeping Beauty* was accompanied, throughout, with enthusiastic applause.

Dec. 11.

To-night a new Comedy was performed here for the first time, called *The School for Friends.* It is avowedly the production of a young lady; we believe a Miss CHAMBERS.

The characters were thus represented:

Lord Belmore, - -	Mr. ELLISTON.
Sir Felix Morgan, -	Mr. WROUGHTON.
Sir Edward Epworth, -	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Mr. Hardy, - - -	Mr. DOWTON.
Matthew Daw, - -	Mr. MATHEWS.
Mr. Jenkins, - -	Mr. DORMER.
Lady Epworth, - -	Mrs. JORDAN.
Lady Courtland, - -	Miss POPE.
Miss Emily, - -	Mrs. H. SIDDONS.
Lucy, - - - -	Miss MELLON.

Sir Edward Epworth had married a young lady of great merit, beauty, and accomplishments; but her want of fortune had prevented his friends from recognising her. *Sir Edward* loses his fortune at play, deserts his wife and child, becomes connected with *Lady Courtland*, an old *demirep* of fashion, and openly resides in her house. *Lady Epworth* assumes the name of *Hamilton*, and, with her child, and her faithful servant, *Lucy*, retires to a country village, where she meets a benevolent Quaker, and is discovered by *Lord Belmore*, a young man of fashion, just returned from his travels, who had followed her in London, and from whom she wished to secrete herself. She has jewels to dispose of for her support; he gives her two hundred pounds, which money releases *Sir Edward* from prison. *Lord Belmore* is the friend of *Sir Edward*, whom he supposes to be the husband of *Lady Courtland*, and makes him the confidant of his honourable passion for *Mrs. Hamilton*. *Sir Edward*, alarmed lest his friend should make an improper alliance, writes to *Mrs. Hamilton*, advising her not to impose on the credulity of his friend, but accept a settlement from him. The wounded feelings of a deserted wife, who still loved the author of her misery, were admirably depicted in this scene by Mrs. JORDAN. The amiable, lively *Lord Belmore* reconciles all parties. *Sir Edward* becomes penitent, and his amiable wife forgives him. A rich old uncle arrives from the West Indies, and bestows fifty thousand pounds on the happy couple. *Miss Emily*, *Lady Courtland's* grand-daughter, an innocent young girl, claims *Lord Belmore's* protection, which he bestows by marrying her. *Matthew Daw*, by the same method, prevails on *Lucy* to become a fair *friend*. *Sir Felix*, *Sir Edward's* uncle, is reconciled to him, and all parties are made happy. The dialogue is lively and spirited; possesses much wit, and a vast deal of sentiment; but rather too much of the latter. The fair authoress has great merit.

merit. All her characters are well drawn. Mrs. JORDAN's part is one of considerable *pathos*, and was most admirably sustained. Her silvery sounds sunk deep into the heart. Miss POPE's was one of those parts in which she has no equal. Mrs. H. SIDDONS, as the innocent *Emily*, was lively and simple, and looked beautiful. Miss MELLON's *Lucy* was a highly-finished portrait. *Lord Belmore*, a lively, benevolent young man of fashion, with all the spirit of a *Belcour*, received from Mr. ELLISTON every assistance the authoress could wish. Mr. DOWTON's part was a good-natured old Englishman, in which he was very successful. *Mr. Daw* was written for Mr. BANNISTER, and, in his absence, was taken by Mr. MATHEWS, whose performance was excellent. Mr. WROUGHTON, Mr. BARRYMORE, and Mr. DORMER, were equally successful; and the Comedy was received with unbounded applause throughout, by an overflowing audience.

The Prologue was spoken by Mrs. H. SIDDONS, who supplicated the favour of the audience for the fair authoress, with a grace that could not be denied. The Epilogue was spoken by Mr. MATHEWS, in character. It possesses much point and humour, also some very happy allusions. He delivered it extremely well.

THE LITERARY TRIBUNAL.

"*Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.*"

The Duellists, or Men of Honour; a Story, calculated to shew the Folly, Extravagance, and Sin, of Duelling. By W. Lucas. 12*mo.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The folly, extravagance, and sin of duelling, are, we believe, acknowledged by all rational men, until their honour is wounded, and then reason is given to the winds However, these sane opinions cannot be too strongly impressed on the mind, and with this view we strongly recommend *The Duellists.*

Monthly Mirror.

Flim Flams! or the Life and Errors of my Uncle, and the Amours of my Aunt! with Illustrations and Obscurities. By Messieurs Tag, Rag, and Bobtail. And an illuminating Index. In Three Volumes, with Nine Plates. 12*mo.* 18*s.*

Inquirers have supposed, and we believe with reason, that the secret of the real author of this performance, is disclosed in the following note on the first volume. Speaking of book-making,

"The author begs leave to add, that he, by no means, would express any contempt for *any book-makers* whatever; not even for any sage who makes up CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE!" p. 163.

This is the style of a jocular author, alluding to himself, and, therefore, we conclude, as others have done before us, that the author is Mr. D'Israeli, who produced the "Curiosities of Literature." There is no great need of secrecy. There is little matter of offence in the volumes, but a fair and general satire; with such occasional allusions, to particular persons, as cannot be gravely resented even by them. Reviewers, among others, are frequently attacked; but, as far as we are concerned, the author is perfectly welcome.

British Critic.

History of Egypt, Ancient and Modern, from the earliest Accounts of that Country, to the Expulsion of the French from Alexandria, in 1801. *By James Wilson,*

Wilson, D. D. Minister of Falkirk. Three Vols. 8vo. 1l. 4s.

The author of this work, distinguished in his own country as an able orator, and most respectable divine, for the first time appears before the world as an historian, selecting for the subject of his excellent labors, the revolutions of a nation, and the annals of a country, which has emphatically and truly been called the cradle of the arts and sciences. The subject is worthy of the most splendid talents; and Dr. Wilson has not labored in vain. A better summary of the interesting events of that wonderful country, placing in so luminous a point of view the conduct and characters of its leaders and its tyrants, has never yet been presented to the literary world. From this work the philosopher, and the statesman, may reap equal pleasure and advantage; as it presents a striking picture of the moral and political revolutions of the most remarkable, and probably, the most ancient of nations. *Monthly Mirror.*

North Wales; including its Scenery, Antiquities, Customs, and some Sketches of its Natural History; delineated from Two Excursions through all the interesting Parts of that Country, during the Summers of 1798 *and* 1801. *By the Rev. W. Bingley, A. M. Fellow of the Linnean Society, and late of Peter-House, Cambridge. Illustrated with a Map, Frontispieces, and Music. Two Vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. Boards.*

The growing predilection for Welsh tours, gives to publications, like the present, a value beyond their literary estimate, communicates to them a higher importance, and raises them to the rank of practical performances. Considered in this point of view, the Principality has been fortunate; and the curious, or the fashionable visitant, can be at no loss for guides, since persons of excellent taste, and considerable information, have not disdained the useful office of directing the steps of the future traveller; and of pointing out the objects which challenge his attention. In this class, with respect to South Wales, Mr Malkin bears the palm; and, with regard to North Wales, Mr. Bingley, though a writer of a different class and character, claims to be the best companion which the English visitor can adopt. If the Welsh are prepared coolly to contemplate the extinction of their venerable dialect, and their ancient manners,—if they deem the increase of wealth, and a more entire incorporation, and a more complete identity with their luxurious fellow-subjects, an adequate compensation for such a change,—they will own themselves obliged to the above-named gentlemen, who have taken so much pains to facilitate, and render inviting, our excursions into their country. *Monthly Review.*

Sermons on the Evils that are in the World, and on various other Topics; from the German of the Rev. George Joachim Zollikofer, Minister of the Reformed Congregation at Leipsick. By the Rev. W. Tooke, F. R. S. Two Vols. 8vo. pp. 576 in each Volume. 11. 1s. Boards.

In the present discourses, M. Zollikofer directs the thoughts of his auditors to the difficult subjects of natural and moral evil; not, however, by leading them into those discussions, in which they will "find no end, in wandering mazes lost:" but he endeavours to furnish them with such conceptions, as may serve to make them 'satisfied with the capacities which God has given them, with the bounds which he has prescribed to them, with the place which he has allotted to them in his kingdom, with the burdens which he has laid on them, with the tasks which he has assigned to them, and with the purposes to which he has appointed them, without accusing him of any want of goodness.' In this manner, he endeavours to enlighten them, to make them better, and thus to promote their felicity. His fundamental doctrine is, that 'God is supremely good, that he is Love itself, that he governs his creatures with the utmost lenity and forbearance, that he judges them with the most perfect equity, that he is more inclined to bless than to punish, and that in all that he commands or forbids, in all that he gives or denies them, he seeks their happiness alone.' Through this cheerful medium, he recommends us to view what are called evils as the only means of becoming truly religious, satisfied, and happy. *Monthly Review.*

John Bull; or, the Englishman's Fire-side; a Comedy, in Five Acts; first performed at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, on the 5th of March, 1803. By George Colman, the Younger. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

The author of the present comedy, as if anticipating the sentence of the critic, honestly tells us, that

'Critics will say,
'Tis a trumpery, Bart'lemy-fair kind of play;

and, in good truth, there are many parts of it well calculated for the meridian of Smithfield. Abounding with vulgarity, it nevertheless contains a tolerable share of wit and satire; which will afford those who are in possession of a good set of teeth, an opportunity of rendering them very visible.

The part of Tom Shuffleton is a natural and well-drawn character: the remaining dramatis personæ are greatly overcharged; yet we should, upon the whole, have been much pleased with this comedy,

comedy, had the moral not been of the German school. We can never give our approbation to any piece, which inculcates seduction, under the promise of marriage, in however pleasing a shape it may recommend itself. If the plan of this author be adopted, by the sighing females of the present day, we shall have a wedding one week, and a christening the next: the lovers will cohabit as long as detection may be avoided, and the marriage ceremony be made a cloak to hide the sin of prostitution. *Critical Review.*

The British Martial, or an Anthology of English Epigrams; being the largest Collection ever published, with some Originals. Two Vols.

No taste will rise from this feast unsatisfied. Here are all the varieties of simplicity and richness—vol. 1. 59, 158, 384, 143, 45. To make an extract of an extract is what we would avoid, but as the "originals" are not pointed out, and we wish to entertain the reader, we shall quote three or four, without any great preference.

"THE CHAIN OF GOVERNMENT.

"When *Beelzebub* first to make mischief began,
He the woman attack'd, and she gull'd the poor man;
This *Moses* asserts, and from hence would infer,
That *woman* rules *man*, and the *devil* rules *her*."

"TO A YOUNG LADY WHO MARRIED A VERY OLD MAN.

"Since thou wouldst need, bewitch'd with some ill charms,
Be buried in those monumental arms:
All we can wish, is, may the earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs; and so good night."

"ON THE SHAKESPEARE CRITICS.

"'Tis gen'rous, *Malone*, in thee and thy brothers,
To help us thus to read the works of others:
Never for this, can just returns be shown;
For who will help us e'er to read your own?"

Monthly Mirror.

A Collection of Songs, Moral, Sentimental, Instructive, and Amusing. The Words selected and revised, by the Rev. James Plumptre, M. A. Fellow of Clare Hall. The Music adapted and composed by Charles Hague, Mus. Doc. and Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge. Large 8vo. pp. 200. Price, on common Paper, 12s. on finer Paper, 16s.

In a long "Introductory Letter" to Dr. Hague, Mr. Plumptre details the motives which led him to make this Collection of Songs;

Songs; and those motives are certainly honorable to his feelings, and to his principles, both as a man, and as a minister of the gospel.

"As the clergyman of a parish, I must own, it is not a matter of indifference to me, what songs are sung at the festive meetings. I know from experience the effect which singing has upon a company of persons, even of education, and of a serious turn; what must it then be upon persons of no education, guided almost entirely by passion and example? Were a clergyman to preach, with the energy and eloquence of a Horne, or a Jones, against the sin of drunkenness, if the song, the following evening, aided by liquor and company, were to be, "True Joy is drinking," or "All get drunk if you wish to be happy," it would, I fear, go far, very far, to do away any good impressions which the sermon might have left." *Anti-Jacobin.*

Observations on the Coasts of Hampshire, Sussex, and Kent, relative chiefly to Picturesque Beauty: made in the Summer of the Year 1774. *By the late William Gilpin, M. A. Prebendary of Salisbury, and Vicar of Boldre, near Lymington.*

Our respect for the memory of Mr. Gilpin, as well as, indeed, the entertainment we have had from the perusal of the present posthumous publication, induces us to place it among our principal articles. There is another motive with us, also, why we should endeavour to make it conspicuous and popular. It is published for the benefit of a school, founded by the benevolence of Mr. Gilpin, at Boldre.

The object of the work is explained by the title page; and it is hardly necessary to say, that it is executed with much spirit and vivacity; and will be an entertaining companion to all who shall visit the places here described.

He had intended to dedicate it to his wife, in the following affectionate terms:

"This little journey is inscribed to the blessed memory of her who accompanied me both in it, and in several other journeys through England, and wished to have our names united in one of them. These were journeys of little moment; but, in one of more importance, she was a constant and most invaluable companion. It was a journey extending through a period of more than fifty years. In a journey of this length, through this troublesome world, it may be supposed that a variety of accidents fell out; to all of which, the energy of her mind was generally equal. She had a heart for friendship. Sincerity and affection were its chief features; and her prudence rarely gave an advantage to accident.—But her heart was too large to grasp only private objects. Her benevolence" * * * * * *The reader will probably regret that the manuscript terminates here.* *British Critic.*

An Essay on Light and Shade, on Colours, and on Composition in General. By M. Gartside. 4to. pp. 50, and Eleven Plates. 1l. 11s. 6d.

This essay contains many useful precepts, and is well calculated to improve the class of readers for whom it is intended. When ladies of fashion, with a laudable emulation, and a persevering zeal, cultivate abstruse subjects of philosophy, Miss Gartside steps forward to assist her fair pupils in the humbler, yet not less fascinating walk of art; and in the *flowery* paths of decorative painting, she inculcates the necessity of a gradual system of study, to produce excellence. In the introduction to the work, a very proper stress is laid on the necessity of studying the '*rules of the art*;' which will always repay the pupils for the trouble that they have taken; 'while those who pursue the practical part alone, can make no progress whenever their teacher or copy is withdrawn.'

Monthly Review.

Scientific Dialogues, intended for the Instruction and Entertainment of young People, in which the first Principles of natural and experimental Philosophy are fully explained. Vols. V. VI. 12mo. 5s.

An easy and familiar explanation of the principles of optics and magnetism, electricity and galvanism, in the way of dialogue between a tutor and his pupil. Actual conversation, where the curiosity of young people is excited by their own observations, is, we believe, the best introduction to the elements of science. But as many are unable, and many who are able are unwilling, to undergo the labor of explaining incidental appearances to them, the next best method is, perhaps, to lay before them easy dialogues, which approach, in some degree, to the vividness of real life. As such, we may safely recommend the present performance; though it may be observed, that in order to make the pupil bear a part in the conversation, he is occasionally rather more learned, and more quick of apprehension, than real Charles's and James's will be found.

Critical Review.

An Historical and Critical Essay on the Revival of the Drama in Italy. By Joseph Cooper Walker, M. R. I. A. 8vo. 7s. pp. 312.

To the unwearied labours and ingenious researches of Mr. Cooper, M. R. I. A. i. e. Member of the Royal Irish Academy, the public is already indebted for two works of very superior merit—*Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards*, published in the year 1786, and *Historical Memoir on Italian Tragedy*, in 1799. From this quarter, on the present subject, every thing was to be expected, and much has been performed. The literature of Italy appears now to be about to rise with new splendor in England. The exertions of such writers as Mr. Roscoe, Sir Richard Clayton, Mr. Greswell, Mr. Shepherd, and Mr. Matthias, cannot prove ineffectual. To co-operate with such writers, is an honor to which Mr. W. presumes to aspire. *Monthly Mirror.*

Cabinet of Fashion,

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

WALKING DRESS.

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FULL DRESS.

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The Apollonian Wreath.

THE MAID OF NORWAY.

A LEGENDARY TALE.

[WITH AN ELEGANT ENGRAVING.]

"A tale of the times of old!"

THE Maid of Norway sits in the hall,
The big tear trembles in her eye,
And sighs arise when she thinks upon
The days that are gone by.

The Maid of Norway sits in the hall,
The hall so forsaken and lone,
Where once the sounds of mirth arose,
And music's melting tone.

Where the warrior's song has ceas'd to swell,
And the virgin's lay so sweet;
And nought is heard, save the ocean tide,
That dashes at its feet.

And the murmurs of her mellow, mellow harp,
When o'er the strings her hands are cast;
And she wakes its melting melody,
That tells of the days that are past.

Why does she sit in the echoing hall,
While the big tear trembles in her eye?
And why does she sigh when she thinks upon
The days that are gone by?

Why does the Maid of Norway sit
In the hall so forsaken and lone,
Where once the sounds of mirth arose,
And music's melting tone?

Where the warrior's song has ceas'd to swell,
And the virgin's lay so sweet,
And nought is heard, save the ocean tide
That dashes at its feet?

And the murmurs of her mellow, mellow harp,
When o'er the strings her hands are cast;
And she wakes its melting melody,
That tells of the days that are past?

O! lonely is thy dwelling-place,
And lonely, lonely is thy heart;
And sad and sweet is the love-lorn lay
The strings of thy harp impart.

"O, Arlingdone! in Fancy's dream,
"I see thy pallid form;
"I hear thy sighs in the passing gale,
"Thy voice in the mountain storm.

"Com'st thou from the strife of Larno's field,
"With thy garments dy'd in blood?
"Or com'st thou from the dark-rolling wave,
"With thy tresses steept in the flood?

"Come, my love, from thy dwelling afar,
"And sigh with Morlina, so sad;
"And sweep the strings of her echoing harp,
"That her spirit may be glad.

"Is it a ghost that meets my eye?
"Or a dream of the feverish brain?
"Thou com'st from the strife of Larno's field,
"To list to the wild harp's strain."

"I come not, love, from Larno's field,
"With garments dy'd in blood;
"Nor come I from the dark-rolling wave,
"With tresses steept in the flood;

"But I come from the battling field,
"Where the flower of the foe lies slain;
"To clasp to my breast the loveliest maid,
"And list to her wild harp's strain!"

It

Craig del. Lester sc

"Is it a ghost that meets my eye?
Or a dream of the feverish brain?
Thou comst from the strife of Lòrma's field,
To list to the wild harps strain." p.62.

Pubd by Vernor & Hood Poultry

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It was not a ghost that met her sight,
Nor a dream of the feverish brain;
'Twas Arlingdone that gaz'd on her charms,
And hung on her wild harp's strain,
And clasp'd her in his manly arms,
And murmur'd his vows again.

The day was fix'd for the nuptial tie,
The festival came on,
And merrily, merrily went their hearts,
And music's melting tone;
And merrily, merrily may they live,—
Morlina and Arlingdone.

London.

COME, COME, DEAR ELIZA.

COME, come, dear Eliza, return!
With what joy shall I see Thee again!
In thy absence all comfort is gone;
Oh! return, and give ease to my pain.

I have travers'd the fields and the groves;
I have tried to shift thought with the scene;
But my heart has resisted all change,
And my feet, they have wander'd in vain.

From myself, ah! how fain I'd depart!
I have join'd where 'twas all mirth and glee;
I have learnt both to laugh and to talk,
Whilst my heart has been thinking on Thee.

Like the poor wounded deer I have been,
Who for comfort to company hied;
He join'd with the rest of the herd,
But the arrow was still in his side.

From the closet I've courted relief,
From the books of the wise I would learn;
But the wisdom of every page
Is "Oh! when will Eliza return!"

Then farewell, ye sages of old;
With myself I no longer agree!
How I once could your wisdom admire!
Now, Love is all wisdom to me.

Come, come, dear Eliza, return!
You alone can give comfort and ease:
Each trifle with Thee is a joy;
But without thee, ah! nothing can please.

SONNETS,

BY DR. PERFECT.

HOPE.

A MYRTLE that fell from her breast
I hastily pluck'd from the ground;
Nor had I one moment of rest,
Till its beautiful owner I found.

Adieu to the regions of gloom,
I cried, to all sorrows adieu!
My Phillida, let me presume
This sprig to restore to your view.

Replac'd in her bosom, the spoil
Recover'd its primitive mien;
Like me it reviv'd in her smile,
And soon appear'd gay and serene.
Then I cherish'd fond *hope*, the first spring of my soul,
And no longer despair did my bosom controul.

DEJECTION.

Inspir'd by a passion so pure,
I rose with the loud-singing lark,
In hope of my charmer secure,
Cross'd over the lawn of the park.

The smile of Aurora I hail'd,
But wanted my Phillida's smile.
Ah me! disappointment prevail'd;
In vain were my care and my toil.

Farewell to the daisy-dress'd mead;
Dejection, I fly to thy cell:
For one that's more wealthy decreed,
Is Phillida destin'd, they tell.
Cease, warblers, your sonnets; henceforward be mute;
My muse is dejected, and silent my flute.

JEALOUSY.

I gather'd the vi'let so blue,
Whose colour spoke peace to my breast;
An emblem of love the most true,
A type of my passion confess'd.

The

The primrose invited my view;
I lik'd not its features so pale;
Expressive of jealousy too,
I left it to fade in the vale.

Such caution 'twas needless to take,
Since Phillida, faithless—was seen
With Colin last night at the wake,
And danc'd with the swain on the green.
Now Jealousy's poison's diffus'd o'er my breast,
Adieu to the blossoms of comfort and rest.

CONSOLATION.

The flower of Love have ye seen,
Ye shepherds, that welcome the May,
Transcendantly beauteous of mien,
When warm'd by the morning's first ray?

So Phillida's smiles to my breast
Contentment and pleasure impart.
The sun was sunk down in the west
When I met with the pride of my heart.

As ling'ring we travers'd the vale,
Consentive her shepherd she heard;
More sweet than the rose-breathing gale,
Was her voice, when she utter'd the word:
A charming delirium stole over my breast,
As Phillida's hand strew'd the poppies of rest.

CONSUMMATION.

Two roses twin-sisters that grew,
Of turtles a pair from the nest,
Begirt with a ribbon of blue,
The type of our union confess'd:

Dear emblems of conjugal bliss,
That courted my Phillida's smile,
And met her consent with a kiss,
Completing a truce to my toil.

Next morning our gay village band
To church my dear Phillida bore;
With pleasure I gave her my hand;
My heart was her own long before:
And now, gentle H/men, your blessings bestow;
The turtles shall bill, and the roses shall blow.

TO ELIZA,

On her intimating, that when the Ardor of Love should be abated, she might be regarded with Indifference.

I.

O, DEAR Eliza, still then dost thou doubt
How true the love with which my heart's impress'd?
That pow'r of thine, which first resistless charm'd,
Still more and more endears Thee to my breast.

II.

Thy lovely goodness—This, Eliza, won
My praises first; this first my fondness drew:
I saw Thee, and admir'd—esteem'd—and lov'd—
Coldness from love like this, yet, never grew——

III.

No, never. Judge not thus severe, the fate,
The common fate, of all who love profess:
The sensual wish indeed, the flame of youth;
This, this, may fade, this feel its ardor less:

IV.

But not like subject to the pow'r of Time,
Glows in the heart the passion, virtuous, pure;
This knows no age; this all decay defies;
This death itself, uninjur'd, can endure.

V.

Say then, when boist'rous winds, and raging storms,
And wint'ry darkness cloud th' unfriendly sky,
How, then, shall Love its comforts seek within,
And all these outward elements defy?

VI.

Are not for Thee the various works of art?
The book of science to peruse the while?
Some chearful book, of light, but goodly cast,
May sweetly thus the gloomiest hours beguile.

VII.

Think not with these, Eliza, I'd disdain,
Or lightly prize thy aid and thoughts to share;
Oh, no—together o'er the page we'd turn,
And I'd both love to read, and love to hear.

VIII.

Oh! might not thus the hours be often pass'd?
Not to one day are joys like these confin'd;
Well might a life in such delights be bless'd,
And years on years our love unfaded find.

IX.

But still more searching far than wint'ry blasts,
More trying still than ev'ry outward foe;
Is not to Love a tenderer task assign'd?—
To heal, by gentlest care, domestic woe.

X.

For see with clouds the fairest skies o'ercast;
See, too, the thorns on sweetest roses grow;
So has the happiest life its transient cares;
So is not perfect bliss our lot below.

XI.

Say, then, when Fate's all-melancholy train,
Misfortunes, losses, sicknesses, appear;
How, then, shall Love its fost'ring pow'r exert,
To raise the drooping heart, and dry the tear?

XII.

O, dear Eliza, hast thou never felt
The sweet consolings of some friendly breast?
To thine own heart, oh! let me, then, appeal;
For words this work of Love cou'd ne'er express!

XIII.

In sorrow, Love its sweetest pow'r displays;
To zeal redoubled mutual grief excites;
Still as Affliction wounds, Affection heals,
And soul to soul by sympathy unites.

XIV.

So when the vengeance of the boist'rous North
With all his force the traveller opprest,
Still as more furious drove the passing storm,
Around him closer still was wrapp'd his vest.

XV.

Eliza, Love through ev'ry scene can go—
Nor age, nor fortune, daunt the faithful heart;
This can the transient ills of life assuage;
This makes its joys a two-fold bliss impart.

XVI.

Come, then, from Thee these comforts let me seek;
By thee to such sweet happiness aspire;
To see Thee blest, I'd own a great delight—
To give that bliss, is all I can desire.

Darking, Oct. 1805. W.

A POETIC EPISTLE
FROM A NIECE TO AN AUNT,
Acknowledging a Gift of some Plate and Table Linen.

DEAR Aunt, I have heard, and believe it is true,
That age, though desir'd, is becoming to few:
In short, Father Time, as he circulates round,
Brings with him those pains which in youth are not found:
But though you, my dear Aunt, have arriv'd at that age
When life seems to totter upon a weak stage,
Or, in other words, reached the date fix'd to men,
And have liv'd to behold sixty summers and ten,
Yet still you're a stranger to that pettish spite
Which fancies that age must always be right.
Yet one thing, I allow, has excited surprise;
And though Reason has puzzled with extended eyes,
I cannot find out, or, in fact, e'er define,
Your contempt of that dearly-lov'd pronoun call'd *mine*.
How few in this world part with things whilst they live,
Or can ever pronounce that dull sentence, *I give!*
To those who have recently mounted the stage,
I give, is a term which, perhaps, may engage;
But its always allow'd, as people decline,
They become more attach'd to the epithet *mine*:
And as well might you ask for twelve teeth from their head,
As twelve spoons to accompany butter and bread.
The spoons were *unasked*—much greater the gift;
For rather than ask, with dull pewter I'd shift:
But each morn, as the spoon shall ascend to my lip,
Long life to my Aunt, in the bev'rage I'll sip.
Whenever the large ones on table I see,
My thoughts shall with gratitude turn unto thee.
Each cloth, as the servant shall daily unfold,
Will appear to my eyes like a cov'ring of gold;
More valu'd by me than the gift of a Prince,*
Embroider'd on satin, or border'd by chintz.
Receive, then, dear Aunt, those thanks which are due;
And believe that this heart is most grateful to you.

A THOUGHT.

WHEN our Redeemer on the earth did rest,
Humility he taught those he lov'd best:
So God the vict'ry gave which rais'd our pride:
To check its force—he spoke—and Nelson died.

SUSAN.

* Alluding to the practice of Eastern Princes, who use embroidered Table Cloths.

ON THE

VICTORY gained by SIR RICHARD STRACHAN,

ON THE

FOURTH OF NOVEMBER,

1805.

THOUGH with tears we lament our great NELSON's demise,
Let the Nation rejoice that more NELSONS arise!
'Twas COLLINGWOOD finish'd what THE HERO began;
And brave was the conquest accomplish'd by STRACHAN!
Hearts of Oak, &c.

The Fourth of November, long famous in story,
This year adds a ray to our National Glory;
For, like Cæsar of old, our Cæsar might say—
She came, saw, and conquer'd in th' Enemies' Bay!

The Phœnix transform'd, like a bird to decoy,
Led the foe where she knew they would soon find employ:
Only three days before she had quitted her nest,
To add a fresh Didon to her valorous crest.

Her consort Margarita though first in the chase,
Both at once pour'd their broadsides full butt in their face;
Then Cæsar, the Hero, and brave Courageux,
With cannon and grape-shot soon buckled them too.

To bind the knot firmer Namur had her share;
By Æolus favor'd, and Revolutionnaire:
Though brave their resistance, the foe fought in vain,
For they seem'd, when they struck, mere wrecks on the main!

Safe moored at Plymouth, no more shall they wander,
Till fit for the line of a British Commander!
Then France, Spain, and Holland, shall threaten in vain,
While our TARS fight and conquer again and again!

THE DAY OF VICTORY.

THE din of battle sounding through the air,
Fill'd the fond heart of Jessica with woe;
For Edwin, whom she dearly lov'd, was there:
She long'd, but dreaded still, his fate to know.

The vollies louder rend the blazing sky,
And shouts of victory are heard afar;
The conquer'd legions in confusion fly,
And peace succeeds to devastating war.

Triumphant

Triumphant with success the victors come,
Whilst high in air their pageants proudly wave;
With clanging trumpets, and with martial drum;
These are rewards that wait upon the brave.

But not in ev'ry face is rapture seen;
Alas! full many heroes met their doom!
In vain the eye shall search the ranks between,
Their friends must mourn them in the silent tomb.

Sad Jessica had strove, till sight grew dim,
To find her Edwin 'midst the martial throng;
In vain had strove to fix her eyes on him
Whose presence only could her life prolong.

Just ere the dews of death had clasp'd her form,
Edwin appear'd,—a straggler from the rest;
Restor'd to life by his embraces warm,
The Day of Victory she ever blest.

Dec. 3rd, 1805. J. M. L.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF LORD NELSON.

I.

RECUMBENT on her sea-girt bed,
In native majesty sublime,
Britannia lifts her awful head,
Superior to the jars of Time.
But why amidst the laurel wreaths
Thick circling round her glorious brow,
The sable cypress does she twine?
And whence that plaintive moan she breathes?
It seems to speak some mighty woe,
And Melancholy marks her form divine.

II.

Say, whence, Oh, Muse, that lengthen'd sigh,
And the big tear that glistens in her eye?
Still her dread thunders, with tremendous sweep,
Proclaim her mistress of the billowy deep;
Whilst nurs'd beneath her fostering smiles,
Fair Commerce hails her Queen of Isles,
And Liberty delights to own
Britannia's bosom for her throne.
See Vict'ry's brightest palms adorn her crest,
And every good combin'd to make her blest.

'Tis

III.

'Tis Nelson dies! her darling son!
He sleeps in Honor's bed:
She mourns her glorious Hero gone.
Immortal Chief!—what laurels, won
By him, adorn her head!
He dies, amidst the radiant blaze,
Of joyous Victory's refulgent rays;
For Victory lov'd him; and her smiles
She gave the meed of all his countless toils,
And bade him oft receive a grateful Nation's praise.

IV.

Oft as Nelson's thunders roar'd,
Gallia's eagles own'd him Lord.
Memory, with a rapt'rous smile,
Paints him triumphant Hero of the Nile;
Sees his unconquerable arms
Fill the rude Dane with wild alarms;
And counts a thousand wreaths of glory won
By him, her darling and immortal son;
But far above the rest a radiant ray
Speaks the bright vict'ry of Trafalgar Bay.

V.

Alas! the much-lov'd warrior falls
Amidst the glorious strife:
Stern Fate's indisputable calls
Demand the Hero's life.
Britannia mourns that Nelson's blood
Should purchase laurels for her brows;
A crystal current flows
Fast down her cheek—Affection's beauteous flood,
Whilst heav'n-born Gratitude her tribute brings,
And o'er the Hero's urn unceasing fragrance flings.

VI.

Brave Chief! how sweet is Valour's rest!
'Twas Glory lull'd him to repose:
She clasp'd him fondly to her breast,
Then wrapt his pale corse in her starry vest,
Dazzling his foes;
For, lo! of all her sons, she lov'd Horatio best!
His spirit wings its joyful flight
To realms of everlasting light;
And British bosoms to his memory raise
Ten thousand monuments of everlasting praise.

Braintree,
December 9th.

J. FITCH.

ENIGMA.

ONCE ev'ry man, who knew my worth,
To style me great agreed,
And justly, for I often prov'd
A friend in time of need.

But, oh! how fickle Fortune is!
And Fashion fickler still;
Capricious powers! who work the change
Of all things at their will.

For now, alas! my alter'd state
To greatness has no claim;
They've robb'd me of my property,
And even chang'd my name.

My form entire and perfect once,
A spreading tail could boast;
But now I mourn its honors fled,
And half my portion lost.

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADE

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Cur-rent.

Correspondence, &c.

We must refer the young gentleman who dates at Christleton, near Chester, to Kett's Elements of General Knowledge, *where he will find a list of such books as he inquires after, doubtless, more properly selected for his use, than could be done by a "Society of Ladies."*

J. M. L's *request will be complied with.*

It seems needful often to remind our fair contributors, that our Museum is not open to panegyrics on private individuals. We wish even the effusions of Love or Friendship to be calculated for "the Million."

In the copy of Verses intitled, "Alas! Poor Nelson," *the* "*Alas!*" *is so placed in each verse, that the generality of Readers will understand it in a sense just contrary to what the author intended.*

Received, and to appear in due course: "Lines addressed to a Sister-in-Law;—"Idyllium to Mirth;"—"Stanzas to Eliza;"—"Acrostic Dirge addressed to Britannia;"—"T. G's Acrostic;"—"The School-Boy;"—"Retrospection,"—"Address to Hope;"—"An Old Man's Petition;"—"Fanny's Fate;"—"To my Grandmother on her Birth-Day;—"Stanzas to Anna;"—"Poem addressed to the Parents of a young Lady," &c.—"Impromptu," *by* Dr. P.—*and* Percival's "Song."

BRITISH MUSEUM
14 SEP 48

Mackenzie sc.

Madame de Grafigni.

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